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INTERNATIONAL

PAUL + DONNA WOODFORD

# HASH MUSIC 1986



On-On!

On On - N Mau Bkk HHH.

On On
all the line on on
Tvvr one of The Scandaholias!

# Hash Notes

BANGKOK HARRIETTES.
J.M. wednesday HASH

Tim Das

PE CHANTHONG GM.

Great to see you
Woo Hoo!

Best regards to Diana and all hashers of OKINAWA HASH. See you all at Interhash 92.

ON ON
Richard

Really nice to have you here, Snickspulls and Fanging Booger
Vo le GM etc.

wel come on HASH.

Oh God, Remember that night under the bleachers... the pink underwear - edible too! Oh my.... Will ever miss you. Come back soon. I'll be waiting with bated breath.
Debbi

Im Bangkok
Pavel.

ONE FOR THEM, ONE FOR US, AND ONE FOR THE OTHERS
BLADE RUNNER

SIRIPORN PHIANTHAISONE
(LEK) to Alan Robinson
(Hong Kong)

| SONG TITLE | | Page No. |
|---|---|---|

## 1 "A" IS FOR A

"A" is for A,
A,
Aye, aye, aye, aye.
"L" is for Long,
Long,
A long,
Aye, aye, aye, aye.
"S" is for Strong,
Strong,
Long Strong,
A Long Strong,
Aye, aye, aye, aye.
"B" is for Black,
Black,
Stong Black, ........................ etc.
"P" is for Pudding,
Pudding,
Black Pudding, ....................... etc.

"U" is for Up
Pudding Up,........................ etc.

"M" is for My,
My,
Up My, ........................ etc.

"S" is for Sister's,
Sister's
My Sister's ........................ etc.

"C" is for Cat's,
Cat's,
Sister's Cat's........................ etc.

"A' is for Asehole,
Asehole,
Cat's Asehole,........................ etc.

"T" is for Twice,
Twice,
Asshole Twice ........................ etc.

"N" is for Nightly,
Nightly,
Twice Nightly, ........................ etc.

"W" is for Weather,
Weather,
Nightly Weather, ........................ etc.

"P" is for Permitting,
Permitting,
Weather Permitting, ........................ etc.

"S" is for Sideways,
Sideways,
Permitting Sideways, ........................ etc.

## 2 A PRAYER

**Leader :** And now, gentlemen, a prayer,
: A prayer for the constipated.

**Response :** SHIT!
**Leader :** A prayer for the frustrated.
**Response :** FUCK!
**Leader :** A prayer for the dehydrated.
**Response :** Beer!
**Leader :** A prayer for the emasculated.
**Response :** BALLS!

Balls to Mr. Bengelstein, Bengelstein, Bengelstein,
Balls to Mr. Bengelstein, dirty old man,

Hs sits on the steeple and shits on the people,
So, balls to Mr. Bengelstein, dirty old man,

He keeps us waiting while he's masturbating,
So, balls to Mr. Bengelstein, dirty old man.

He ups and he downs them, he fucking well grounds them,
So, balls to Mr. Bengelstein, dirty old man.

## 3 AAHLAWETTA

AAHLAWETTA SHONETON AAHLAWETTA
AAHLAWETTA SHONETON AAHLA-WEY

How I love her curly hair, how I love her curly
hair,
curly hair, curly hair, Aahlawette, Aahlawette,
Ah!

**Chorus**

How I love her Bushy Brows, how I love her
Bushy Brows, Bushy Brows,
Bushy Brows, Curly Hair, Curly Hair,
Aahlawette, Aahlawette.

**Chorus**

How I love her Criss Cross Eyes etc.

**Chorus**

How I love her Broken Nose etc

**Chorus**

How I love her Lubra Lips etc

**Chours**

How I love her Two Buck Teeth etc

**Chorus**

How I love her Double Chin etc

**Chorus**

How I love her Saggy Tits etc

**Chorus**

How I love her Big Pot Belly etc

**Chorus**

How I love her Furry Thing...
Furry Thing, Furry Thing

Big Pot Belly, Furry Thing
Saggy Tits, Furry Thing
Double Chin, Furry Thing
Two Buck Teeth, Furry Thing
Lubra Lips, Furry Thing
Broken Nose, Furry Thing
Criss Cross Eyes, Furry Thing
Bushy Brows, Furry Thing
Curly Hair, Furry Thing
Aahlawette, Aahalwette.
Ah!

## 4 THE NICE GIRLS

All the nice girls like a candle,
All the nice girls like a wick,
Because there's something about a candle,
That reminds them of a prick.
Nice and greasy, slips in easy,
It's the surest way to joy,
it's been up the Queen of Sapain,
And it's going up again,
Syph ahoy, syph ahoy.

All the nice boys like a harlot,
All the nice boys like a whore,
Because there's something about a harlot,
That they've never known before.
She'll be willing, for a shilling,
And she'll pep you up, my boy,
But she'll leave you on the rocks,
With a bloody good dose of pox,
Syph ahoy, syph ahoy.

All the parsons like a choir boy,
All the parsons like a bum,
Because there's something about a choir boy.
That would make an angel come.
Roll his over, sleep in clover,
It's a curate's only joy,
And you needn't give a rap,
For you'll never catch the clap,
Syph ahoy, syph ahoy.

## 5 AS I WAS WALKING

As I was walking through the wood,
I shat myself, I knew I would.
I cried for HELP, but no help came,
And so I shat myself again.

As I was walking through Saint Pauls,
The vicar grabbed me by the balls.

I cried for HELP, but no help came,
And so he grabbed my balls again.

As I lay sleeping in the grass,
Some bastard rammed it up my ass.
I cried for HELP, but no help came,
And so he rammed it up again.

## 6 BARNACLE BILL

**Fair Young Maiden :** "Who's that knocking at my door?
Who's that knocking at my door?
Who's that knocking at my door?"
Said the fair young maiden.

**Barnacle Bill :** "It's Barnacle Bill from over the hill,"
Said Barnacle Bill the sailor.
"It's Barnacle Bill from over the hill,"
Said Barnacle Bill the sailor.

**FLM :** "Why are you knocking at my door?" ............etc.
**BB :** "'Cos I'm young enough, and ready and tough," ............etc.
**FYM :** "Shall I come and let you in?" ............etc.
**BB :** "Open the door you dirty old whore," ............etc.
**FYM :** "Will you sleep upon the floor?" ............etc.
**BB :** "Get off the floor you dirty old whore," ............etc.
**FYM :** "Will you sleep upon the mat? ............etc.
**BB :** "Bugger the mat, you can't fuck that," ............etc.
**FYM :** "Will you sleep upon the stair?" ............etc.
**BB :** "Bugger the stairs, they got no hairs," ............etc.
**FYM :** "Will you sleep upon my breasts?" ............etc.
**BB :** "Bugger your tits, they give me the shits," ............etc.
**FYM :** "Will you sleep between my thighs?" ............etc.
**BB :** "Cut the talk and open your fork," ............etc.
**FYM :** "Will you sleep within my cunt?" ............etc.
**BB :** "Bugger your cunt but I'll fuck for a stunt," ............etc.
**FYM :** "What if we should have a child?" ............etc.
**BB :** "Smother the bugger and fuck for another," ............etc.

## 7 CHIENGMAI PRAYER

We're singing in the rain,
Just singing in the rain,
What a glorious feeling
We're happy again,
Not a cloud in the sky ..............

HOLD IT! HOLD IT! HOLD IT!

Arms out,
Hands together,
Thumbs down,
Elbows bent,
Shoulders back,
Chest out,
Stomach in,
Arse out,
Knees together,
Toes Together,
Knees bend,

A-ZUPADA A-ZUPADA A-ZUPADA-DA,
A-ZUPADA A-ZUPADA A-ZUPADA-DA,

HEADS UP,

PPPPPFFFFFAAAAAAAAAARRRRRTTTTT !!!

## 8 CAROLINA

Way down in Alabama where the bullshit lies thick,
The girls are so pretty that the babies come quick,
There lives Carolina, the queen of them all,
Carolina, Carolina, ,the cow-puncher's whore.

She's handy, she's bandy, she shags in the street,
Whenever you meet her she's always in heat,

If you leave your fly open she's after your meat,
And the smell of her cunt knocks you right off your feet.

One night I was riding way down by the falls,
One hand on my pistol, the other on may balls,
I saw Carolina there using a stick,
Instead of the end of a cow-puncher's prick.

I caressed her undressed her, and laid her down there,
And parted the tresses of curly-brown hair,
Inserted the prick of my sturdy horse,
And then there began a strange intercourse.

Faster and faster went my sturdy steed,
Until Carolina rejoiced at the speed,
When all of a sudden my horse did back-fire,
And shot Carolina right into mire.

Up got Carolina all covered in muck,
And said, "Oh dear, what a glorious fuck",
Two paces forward and fell flat on the floor,
And that was the end of the cow-puncher's whore.

## 9 CATS ON THE ROOFTOPS

**Chorus :** Cats on the rooftops, cats on the tiles
Cats with syphillis, cats with piles,
Cats with their assholes wreated in smiles,
As they revel in the joys of fornication.

The donkey is a lonely bloke.
It's very, very seldom that he ever gets a poke,
But when he does - he lets is soak,
And he revels in the joys of fornication.

The Australian lady emu when she wants to find a mate,
Wanders round the desert with feather up her date,
You should see that feather - when she meets her destined fate,
As she revels in the joys of fornication.

The poor domestic doggie, on the chain all day,
Never gets a chance to let himself to gay,
So he licks at his dick - in a frantic way,
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

The labours of the poofter find but little favor here,
But the morally leprous bastard has a peaceful sleep I fear,
As he dreams he rips a red-un some dirty urchin's rear,
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

The dainty little skylark sings a very pretty song,
He has a pondrous penis fully forty cubits long,
You should hear his high crescendo - when his mate is on the prong,
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

The hippopotamus, so it seems,
Very, very seldom has wet dreams,
But when he does - it comes in streams,
As her revesl in the joys of fornication.

The whale is a mammal, as everybody knows,
He takes two days to have a shag, but when he's in the throes,
He doesn't stop to take it out - he piddles through his nose,
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

The lady by the seaside was feeling very blue,
She saw the children at it, and she throught she'd like it too,
So she bought three bananas - and she ate the other two,
As he revelled in the joys of fornication.

In Egypt's sunny clime, the crocodile,
Gets a flip only once in while,
But when he does - it floods the Nile,
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

The poor old rhinoceros, so it appears,
Never gets a grind in a thousand years,
But when he does - he makes up for arrears,
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

The poor old desert camel has no water for a week,
And as he doesn't drink, the poor bugger cannot leak,
So he has to hold his water - so to speak,
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

Little Mary Johnson will be seven next July,
She's never had a naughty, but she thought she'd like to try,
So she took her daddy's walking stick and did it on the sly,
As she revelled in the joys of fornication.

When you wake up in the morning with a devil of a stand,
From the pressure of the liquid in your semenary alang,
If you haven't got a woman - use your own fucking hand,
As you revel in the joys of masturbation.

When you wake up in the morning with a surge of sexual joy,
And your wife has got the rags on, and your daughter's feeling coy,
Do you ram it up the ashole of your own darling boy?
As you revel in the joys of fornication.

The Regimental Sargeant Major leads a miserable life,
He can't afford a mistress, and he doesn't have a wife,
So he puts it up the bottom of the Regimental Five,
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

The ostrich in the desert is a solitary chick,
Without the opportunity to dip its wick,
But when he does - it slips in thick,
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

The ape is small and rather slow,
Erect he stands a foot or so,
So when he comes - it's time to go,
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

The flea disports among the trees,
And there consorts with whom he please,
To fill the land with bastard fleas,
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

The elephant's prick is big and round,
A small one scales a thousand pounds,

Two together - rock the ground,
As they revel in the joys of fornication.

The camel likes to have his fun,
His night is made when he is done,
He always gets two humps for one,
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

The orang-utan is a colorful sight,
There's a glow on its arse like a pilot light,
As he jumps and leaps - in the - night
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

The oyster is a paragon of purity,
And you can't tell a he from a she,
But he can tell - and so can she,
As they revel in the joys of fornication.

The wild boar in the mud all day,
Thinks of the sows that are far, far away,
And the corkscrew motion of half a day,
As he revels in the joys of masturbation.

A thousand verses all in rhyme,
To stand and sing them seems a crime,
When we could better spend our time,
Revelling in the joys of fornication.

Now a funny old fish is the old sperm whale,
With a funny little diddle tucked under his tail
And he rides his missus in the teeth of a gale,
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

Now I met a girl and she was a rear,
And she gave me a dose of gonorrhoea,
Fools rush in where angels fear .............
As I revelled in the jays of fornication.

## 10 CHICAGO

**Chorus :** I used to work in Chicago
In a department store,
I used to work in Chicago,
But I don't work there any more.

A lady came into the hatshop,
I asked "What kind would you like?"
"Felt," she said,
Felt I did,
I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for a waterbottle,
I asked, "What kind would you like?"
"Rubber," she said
Rub'er I did,
I'll never work there any more.

A lady came in for a sweater,
I asked, "What kind would you like?"
"Jumper," she said,
Jumper I did,
I'll never work there any more.

A lady came in for a cake.
I asked, "What kind would you like?"
"Layer" she said,
Layer I did
I'll never work there any more.

A lady came in for a ticket,
I asked, "Where would you like to go?"
"Bangor," she said,
Bang'er I did,
I'll never work there any more.

A lady came in for a sleeper,
I asked. "Where berth would you like?"
"Upper," she said,
Up'er I did,
I'll never work there any more.

## 11 CHRISTOPHER ROBIN

Little boy kneels at the foot of the stairs,
Clutched in his hands are a bunch of white hairs,
Oh, my, just fancy that,
Christopher Robin castrated the cat.

Little boy kneels at the foot of the bed,
Lilly-white hands are caressing his head,
Oh, my, couldn't be worse,
Christopher Robin is fucking his nurse.

Little boy sites on the lavotory pan,
Gently caressing his little old man,
Flip flop, into the tank,
Christopher Robin is having a yank.

## 12 COCK ROBIN

Who killed Cock Robin?
"I," said the sparrow,
"With my bow and arrow.
I killed Cock Robin."

**Chorus :** (Oh the birds of the air said)
DAMN IT! STUFF IT! FUCK IT!
(When they heard Cock Robin had)
KICKED THE FUCKING BUCKET!
WHEN THEY HEARD COCK ROBIN HAD KICKED THE FUCKING BUCKET!

Who saw him die?
"I," said the fly,
"With my little eye,
I saw him die."

**Chorus**

Who'll dig the grave?
"I," said the owl,
"With my little trowel,
I'll dig the grave.

**Chorus**
Who'll read the prayer?
"I," said the rook,
"From my little book,
I'll read the prayer."

**Chorus**
Who'll ring the bell?
"I," said the bull,
"With my mighty tool,
I'll ring the bell."

## 13 DARKIE SUNDAY SCHOOL

**Chorus :** Young folk, olf folk
Everybody come
To the darkie Sunday School
And we'll have lots of fun
Bring your sticks of chewing gum
And sit upon the floor
And we'll tell you Bible stories
That you've never heard before.

Now Adam was the first man
So we're led to believe
He walked into the garden
And bumped right into Eve
There was no one there to show him
But he quickly found the way
And that's the very reason
Why we're singing her today.

The Lord said unto Noah
"It's going to rain today"
So Noah built a bloody great Ark
In which to sail away.
The animals went in two by two
But soon got up to tricks
So, although they came in two by two
They came out six by six.

Now Moses in the bullrushers
Was all wrapped up in swathe
Pharaoh's daughter found him
When she went down there to bathe
She took him back to Pharaoh
And said, "I found him on the shore"
And Pharaoh winked his eye and said
"I've heard that one before."

King Solomon and King David
Lived most immoral lives
Spent their time a-chasing
After other people's wives
The Lord spake unto both of them
And it worked just like a charm
'Cos Solomon wrote the Proverbs
And David wrote the Psalms.

Now Samson was an Israelite
And very big a strong
Delilah was a Philistine
Always doing wrong.
They spent a week together
But it didn't get very hot
For all he got was a short back and sides
And a little bit off the top.

## 14 DINAH

**Chorus :** Dinah, Dinah show us your leg,
Show us your leg, show us your leg,
Dinah, Dinah show us your leg,
A yard above your knee.

I wish I were the diamond ring,
On Dinah's dainty hand,
Then, every time she wiped her ass,
I'd see the promised LAND !, LAND !, LAND !

The rich girl rides a limousine,
The poor girl rides a truck,
But the only ride that Dinah has,
Is when she has a RIGHT GOOD FUCK !

The rich girl uses a sanitary towel,
The poor girl uses a sheet,
But Dinah uses nothing at all,
Leaves a trail along the STREET !, STREET !, STREET !

The rich girl wears a ring of gold,
The poor girl one of brass,
But the only ring that Dinah wears,
Is the one around her ASS !, ASS !, ASS !,

The rich girl wears a brassiere,
The poor girl uses string,
But Dinash uses nothing at all,
She let's the bastards SWING !, SWING !, SWING !,

The rich girl uses Vaseline,
The poor girl uses lard,
But Dinash uses axle-grease,
Because her cunt's so HARD !, HARD !, HARD !

The rich girl works in factories,
The poor girl works in stores,
But Dinah works in a honky-tonk,
With forty other WHORES !, WHORES !, WHORES !

# 15 ESKIMO NELL

When a man grows old and his balls grow cold,
And the tip of his tool turns blue,
And it bends in the middle like a one-string fiddle,
He can tell you a tale or two.
So pull up a chair, and stand me a drink,
And a tale to you I'll tell,
Of Dead-eye Dick and Mexican Pete,
And a harlot called Eskimo Nell.

When Dead-eye Dick and Mexican Pete,
Go forth in search of fun,
It's Dead-eye Dick that slings the prick,
And Mexican Pete the gun.
When Dead-eye Dick and Mexican Pete,

Are sore, depressed and sad,
It's always a cunt that bears the brunt,
But the shooting ain't so bad.

Now Dead-eye Dick and Mexican Pete,
Lived down by Dead Man's Creek,
And such was their luck that they'd had no fuck,
For nigh on half a week.
Just a moose or two and a caribou,
And a bison cow or so,
And for Dead-eye Dick with his kingly prick,
This was mightly slow.

So do or dare, this horny pair,
Set forth for the Rio Grande.
Dead-eye Dick with his mighty prick,
And Pete with his gun in his hand.
And as they blazed their noisy trail,
No man their path withstood,
And many a bride, her husband's pride,
A pregnant widow stood.

They reached the strand of the Rio Grande,
At the height of the blazing noon,
And to slake their thirst and do their worst,
They sought Black Mike's Saloon.
And as they pushed the great doors wide,
Both prick and gun flashed free,
"According to sex, you bleeding wrecks,
You'll drink or fuck with me."

They'd heard of the prick of Dead-eye Dick,
From Maine to Panama,
And with scarcely worse than a muttered curse,
Those Dagos sought the bar.

The girls too knew his playful ways,
Down on the Rio Grande,
And forty whores pulled down their drawers,
At Dead-eye Dick's command.
They saw the fingers of Mexican Pete,
Itch on the trigger grip,
And they didn't wait; at a fearful rate,
Those whores began to strip.

Now Dead-eye Dick was breathing quick,
With lecherous snorts and grunts,

So forty arses were bared to view,
And likewise forty cunts.
Now forty arses and forty cunts,
If you can use your wits,
And if you're slick at arithmetic,
Makes exactly eighty tits.

Now eightly tits are a gladsome sight,
For a man with a raging stand,
It may be rare in Berkeley Square,
But not on the Rio Grande.
Now Dead-eye Dick had fucked a few,
On the last preceding night,
This he had done just to show his fun,
And to whet his appetite.

His phallic limb was in fucking trim,
As he backed and took a run,
He made a dart at the nearest tart,
And scored a hole in one.
He bore this whore to the sandy floor,
And there he ground he fine,
And though she grinned, it put the wind,
Up the other thirty nine.

When Dead-eye Dick lets loose his prick,
He's got no time to spare,
For speed and length combined with strength
He fairly singes hair,
He made a dart at the next spare tart,
When into that Harlot's Hell,
Strode a gentle maid who was unafraid,
And her name was Eskimo Nell.

By this time Dick had got his prick,
Well into number two,
When Eskimo Nell let out a yell,
She bawled to him : "Hey you!"
He gave a flick of his muscular prick,
And the girl flew over his head,
And he wheeled about with an angry shout,
His face and his balls were red.

She glanced our hero up and down,
Her tits were proud and high,
With utter scorn she glimpsed the horn,
That rose from his hairy thigh,
She blew the smoke from her cigarette,
Over his steaming knob.
So utterly beat was Mexican Pete
That he failed to do his job.

It was Eskimo Nell who broke the spell,
In accents clear and cool :
"You cunt-struck shrimp of a Yankee pimp,
"If this here town can't take that down,"
She sneered to those cowering whores,
"There's one little cunt that can do the stunt,
It's Eskimo Nell's not yours."

She stripped her garments one by one,
With an air of concious pride,
And as she stood in her womanhood,
They saw the great divide.

She seated herself on a table top,
Where someone had left his glass,
With a twitch of her tits she crushed it to bits,
Between the two cheeks of her arse.

She flexed her knees with supple ease,
And spread her legs apart,
With a friendly nob to the horny sod,
She gave him the cue to start.
But dead-eye Dick knew a trick or two,
He meant to take his time,
And a girl like this was fucking bliss,
So he played the pantomime.

He flexed his arsehole in and out,
And made his balls inflate,
Until they looked like granite knobs,
On top of a garden gate.
He blew his anus inside out,
His balls increased in size,
His mighty prick grew twice as thick,Till it almost reached his eyes.

He polished it up with alcohol,
And made it steaming hot,
To finish the job he sprinkled the knob,
With a cayenne pepperpot.
Then neither did he take a run,
Nor did he take a leap,
Nor did he stoop, but took a swoop,
And a steady forward creep.

With piercing eye he took a sight,
Along his mighty tool,
And the steady grin as he pushed it in,
Was calculatedly cool.

Have you seen the giant pistons,
On the mighty C.P.R.
With the driving force of a thousand horse?
Well, you known what pistons are.
Or you think you do. But you've yet to learn,
The ins and outs of the trick,
Of the work that's done on a non-stop run,
By a guy like Dead-eye Dick.

But Eskimo Nell was no infidel,
As good as a whole harem,
With the strength of ten in her abdomen,
And the rock of ages between.

She could take the stream of a lover's cream,
Like the flush of watercloset,
And she gripped his cock like a Chatswood Lock,
On the National Safe deposit.

But Dead-eye Dick could not come quick,
He meant to conserve his powers,
If he'd had a mind he'd grind and grind,
For a couple of solid hours.

Nell lay for a while with a subtle smile,
The grip of her cunt grew keener,
With a squeeze of her thigh she sucked him dry,
With the ease of a vacuum cleaner.
She performed this trick in a way so slick,

As to set in complete defiance,
The basic cause and primary laws,
That govern sexual science.

She calmly rode through the phallic code,
Which for years had stood the test,
And the ancient rules of the Classic schools,
In a second or two went West.
And so my friends we come to the end,
Of copulation's classic,
The effect on Dick was sudden and quick,
And akin to an anaesthetic,

He fell to the floor and knew no more,
His passions extinct and dead,
And he did not shout as his prick fell out,
Though 'twas stripped right down to a thread,
Then Mexican Pete jumped to his feet,To avenge his pal's affront,
With a jarring jolt he rammed his Colt,
Right up her gaping cunt.

He rammed it hard to the trigger guard,/
And fired it three times three,
But to his surprise she closed her eyes,
And squealed with ecstasy.

She jumped to her feet with a smile so sweet,
"Bully," she said, "for you."
"It's hard to believe that that was the best,
That you poor cunts could do."
"When next, my friend, that you intend,
To sally forth for fun,
Buy Dead-eye Dick a sugar stick,
And youself an elephant gun,"

"I'm going back to the frozen North,
Where the pricks are hard and strong,
Back to the land of the frozen stand,

Where the nights are six mounts long."
"It's hard as tin when they put it in,
In the land where spunk in spunk,
Not a trickling stream of lukewarm cream,
But a solid frozen chunk."

"Back to the land where they understand,
What it means to fornicate,
Where even the dead sleep two in a bed,
And the babies masturbate,"
"Back to the land of the grinding gland,
Where the walrus plays with his prong,
Where the polar bear wanks off in his lair,
That's where they'll sing this song.

"They'll tell this tale on the Arctic trail,
Where the nights are sixty below,
Where it's so damn cold that the Johnnies are sold,
Wrapped up in a ball of snow,"
"In the valley of death with baited breath,
That's where they'll sing it too,
Where the skeletons rattle in sexual battle,
And the rotting corpses screw,"

"Back to the land where men are men,
Terra Bellicum,

And there I'll spend my wirthy end,
For the North is calling : 'Come'.
So Dead-eye Dick and Mexican Pete,
Slunk out of the Rio Grande,
Dead-eye Dick with his useless prick,
And Pete with no gun in his hand.

Yes, when a man grows old and his balls grow cold.
And the end of his tool turns blue,
And the hole in the middle refuses to piddle,
I'd say he was fucked, wouldn't you?

## 16 FUCK THE GIANT PENIS

(To the tune of : "Puff the Magic Dragon")

Once a pure white virgin lived by the sea,
She frolicked o'er pastoral fields, her name Virginity,
A sweet young lass of just sixteen, a rosebud ripe and firm,.
She wandered o'er the verdent hills, not knowing of the sperm.

Well, fuck the gaint penis lived not far away,
His cock was damn near two feet long, he poked one twice a day,
He was an Ivy Leaguer with vest and pinstriped shirt,
He drove a Roadster XKE, the sexed up extrovert.

One ay while he was reaming around the rural strips,
He spied her picking flowers there – that bitch with swinging hips,
He jumped out of the driver's seat and grabbed her by the ass,
He tore off all here clothing, and laid her her in the grass.

Her maidenhead was busted, the ground ran bloody red,
He poked her till the twilight came, then took her home to bed,
He poked her till the sun rose, she begged for more and more,
He turned that pure viginity into a God Damned Whore!

## 17 GANG BANG

**Chorus :** I want a gang bang if I could,
Because a gang bang feels so good.
When I was young and in my prime,
I used to gang bang all the time.
Now I am old and getting grey,
I only gang bang once a day.

"Knock knock"

**Response :** "Who's there ?"

"Ida"

**Response :** "Ida who ?"
Ida want another gang bang if I could,
Because...........etc.

"Ben"

Ben-d over and have another gang bang if I could,
Because..........etc.

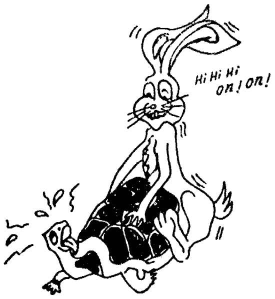
"Turner"
Response: "Turner who?"
Turner over, let's have another gang bang if I could.
Because..........

''Sam and Janet''
''Sam and Janet who?''
Sam and Janet evening, I'd have a gang bang if I could.
Because..........

''Bob''
''Bob who?''
Bob down and let's have another gang bang if I could.
Because..........

''Orange''
''Orange who?''
Orange-ya-glad let's have another gang bang if I could.
Because..........

(This style can then be continued indefinitely)



## 18 HEIGH-HO SAYS ROWLEY

"A" is for asshole all covered in shit,
"Heigh-ho," says Rowley,
"B" is the bugger who revels in it,
Singing rolly, poley, up'em and stuff 'em,
"Heigh-ho," say Anthony Rowley.

"C" is for cunt all dripping with piss,
"Heigh-ho," ........................ etc.
"D" is the drunkard who gave it a kiss,

"E" is the eunuch with only one ball,
"F" is the fucker with no balls at all,

"G" is for goiter, ghonoroea, and gout,
"H" is the harlot who spreads it about.

"I" is for insertion, injection, and itch,
"J" is the jerk of a dog on a bitch,

"K" is the knight who thought fucking a bore,
"L" is the lesbian who came back for more,

"M" is the maidenhead all tattered and torn.
"N" is the noble who died on his horn,

"O" is for orifice all cunningly concealed,
"P" is the penis all pranged up and peeled.

"Q" is the Quaker who shat in his hat,
"R" is the Rajah who rogered the cat,

"S" is the shit-pot all filled to the brim,
"T" are the turds which are floating within,

"U" is the usher who taught us at school,
"V" is the virgin who played with his tool,

"W" is the whore who thought fucking a farce,
And "X", "Y", and "Z" you can shove up your arse!

## 19 HERE'S TO THE BASTARD

Here's to.........., he's a blue,
He's a bastard through and through,
He's a bastard so they say,
And he'll never get to heaven in a long long way.
Drink it down, down, down, down, ........etc.

## 20 HITLER HE ONLY HAD ONE BALL

Hitler, he only had one ball,
Goering, he had two but very small,
Himmler had something sim'ler,
But poor old Goebbels had no balls at all,

(Whistle melody for Chorus)

Frankfurt has only one beer hall,
Stuttgart, die Mädchen all on call,
Munich, vee lift our tunich,
To show vee 'Cherman'' have no balls at all.

(Whistle melody)

Hans Otto is very short, not tall,
And blotto, for drinking Singha and Skol,
A 'Cherman', unlike **Bruce Erwin,**
Because Hans Otto has no balls at all.

(Whistle melody)

## 21 "HOW ASHAMED I WAS"

I met her on the hash, how ashamed I was,
I met her on the hash, how ashamed I was,
I met her on the hash,
I thought I'd try a bash,
Orr cor blimey how ashamed I was!

I touched her on the knee – she said "you're fairly free".

I touched her on the thigh – she said "you're fairly free".

I touched her on the spot – she said "I'd rather not".

When I put it in – she said "you're rather thin".

Then when I did come – she said "you're up my bum".

So then I took it out – she said "no need to pout".

So I tried to put it back – but my prick had gone quite slack.

Then she took me in her hand – and she made my roger stand.

Then she climbed up on top – I tried to make her stop.

She rode me like a horse – I came again, of course.

But still she wanted more – she must have been a whore.

And then my tool grew thinner – I couldn't keep it in her.

Then she called me a nasty name – you f----- hashers are all the same.

## 22 I AM THE MUSIC MAN

I am the music man,
I come from down your way,
And I can play.

**Response :** What can you play?
I play the viola.

**Response :** How does it go?

(With actions):
Vio-vio-vio-la, vio-la, vio-la,
vio-vio-vio-la, vio-vio-la.

I am the music man,
I come from down your way,
And I can play.

**Response :** What can you play?

I play the piccolo.

**Response :** How does it go?

(With action):
Pick-a-pick-a-pick-a-low, pick-a-low, pick-a-low,
Pick-a-pick-a-pick-a-low, pick-a-low-a-low,
Vio-vio-vio-la, vio-la, vio-la,
Vio-vio-vio-la, vio-vio-la,
(etc.)

German horn

(With action):
German-german-german-horn, german-horn, german-horn,
German-german-german-horn, german-german-horn.

Sexyphone

(With action):
Sexy-sexy-sexy-phone sexy-phone, sexy-phone,
Sexy-sexy-sexy-phone sexy-sexy-phone,

Etc., etc., etc.

## 23 I DON'T WANT TO JOIN THE ARMY

I don't want to join the army,
I don't want to go to war,
I'd rather hang around Picadilly Underground,
Living off the earnings of a high born lady..........
I don't want a bayonet up my arsehole,
I don't want my bollocks shot away,
I want to stay in England,
In merry, merry England,
And fornicate my fuckin' life away-Gaw Blimey ..........

On Monday me 'and was on her ankle,
On Tuesday I touched her on the knee,
On Wednesday night, success, I lifted up her dress,
On Thursday I saw it, Oh Gaw Blimey ..........
On Friday I got me 'and upon it,
On Saturday night she gave me balls a twitch,
And on Sunday after supper, I rammed the bastard up her,
And now I'm paying seven-and six a week-Gaw Blimey .......

Call up the Provincial Territory,
Call up the navy and the marines,
Call up me mother, me sister, and me brother,
But for fuck's sake don't call be-Gaw Blimey ..........

I don't want to join the army .......... etc.

## 24 I WISH I WAS IN ENGLAND

I wish I was in England,
I do, I do,
I'd go down to Trafalgar Square,
To see Lord Nelson's statue,
Get fucked ! Get fucked ! You one-eyed Pommie bastard.

I wish I was in Sydney,
I do, I do,
The finest town in all the world,
Except for one small problem ;

The place is full of fucking Aussie bastards!

I wish I was in Paris,
I do, I do,
I'd go down to the Moulin Rouge,
To see the can-can dancers ;
Get off ! Get off ! Get off your Froggie panties.

## 25 IF I WERE THE MARRYING KIND

If I were the marrying kind.
Which thank the Lord I'm not sir,
The kind of man that I would wed,
Would be a rugby full-back.

And he'd find touch, and I'd find touch,
We'd both touch together,
We'd be all right in the middle of the night,
Finding touch together.

Wing three-quarter — go hard,

Centre three-quarter — pass it out.

Rugby fly-half — whip it out.

Rugby scrum-half — put it in.

Rugby hooker — strike hard.

Big pop-forward — bind tight.

Rugby referee — blow hard.

Spectator — come again.

## 26 INTERHASH HASH HYMN

1) (Words and actions)
Swing low, sweet chariot,
Coming for to carry me home,
Swing low, sweet chariot,
Coming for to carry me home.
I looked over Jordan
And what did I see,
Coming for to carry me home,
A band of angels
Coming after me,
Coming for to carry me home.

2) (Repeat with actions only).

3) (Words and actions)

Swing low,, sweet chariot,
Coming for to carry me home,
Swing low, sweet chariot,
Coming for to carry me home.

**Leader :** TWO ! THREE !
**Response :** EEWAH !
**Leader :** TWO ! THREE !
**Response :** EEWAH !
**Leader :** TWO ! THREE !
**Response :** EEWAH ! ON ! ON !

## 27 IT'S THE SAME THE WHOLE WORLD OVER

She was just a poor man's daughter,
Victim of the rich man's whim,
For he fucked her and he left her,
With a sore and bleeding quim.

**Chorus :** It's the same the whole world over,
It's the poor what get the blame,
It's the rich what get the pleasure,
Ain't it all a fucking shame.

Oh, she went up to the city,
For to hide her bleeding shame,
But a Labour leader (the landlord) up and fucked her,
Put her on the street again.

See him in the House of Commons,
Passing laws to combat crime,
While the victim of his evil,
Walks the streets at night in shame.

See him with his hounds and horses,
See him strutting at his club,
While the victim of his whoring,
Drinks her gim inside a pub.

See him riding in his carriage,
Past the gutter where she stands,
He has made a stylish marriage,
While she wrings her ring-less hands.

See him at the fine theatre,
In the front row with the best,
While the girl that he has ruined,
Entertains a sordid guest.

See her on the bridge at midnight,
Throwing snowballs at the moon.
She said, "Sir, I've never had it,"
But she spoke too fucking soon.

Standing on the bridge at midnight,
Picking blackheads from her crotch,
She said, "Sir, I've never had it,"
He said, "No, not fucking much."

See her stand in Picadilly,
Offering her aching quim,
She is now completely ruined,
It was all because of him.

See him seated in his carriage,
Riding homeward from the hunt,
He got riches from his marriage,
She got sores upon her cunt.

Standing on the bridge at midnight,
Throwing cunt-rags at the moon,
First a scream, a splash, Oh goodness!
Has she done a fucking swoon?

When they dragged her from the river,
Water from her clothes they wrung,
And they thought that she had drowned.
Till her cropse got up and sung ........................

Then there came a wealthy pimp,
Marriage was the tale he told,
She had no one else to take her,
So she sold her soul for gold.

## 28 IVAN SKAVINSKY SCAVAR

The harems of Egypt are fine to behold,
The harlots the fairest of fair,
But the fairest of all was owned by a sheik,
Named Abdul Abulbul Emir.

A travelling brothel came down from the north,
'Twas privately run for the Tsar,
Who wagered a hundred no one could outshag,
Ivan Skavinsky Scavar,

A day was arranged for the spectacle great,
A holiday proclaimed by the Tsar,
And the streets were all lined with the harlots assigned,
To Ivan Skavinsky Scavar.

All hairs they were shorn, no frenchies were worn,
And this suited Abdul by far,
And he' quite set his mind on a fast action grind,
To beat Ivan Skavinsky Scavar.

They met on the track with cocks at the slack,
A starter's gun punctured the air,
They were both quick to rise, the crowd gaped at the size,
Of Abdul Abulbul Emir.

They worked all the night in the pale yellow light,
Old Abdul he revved like a car,
But he couldn' compete with the slow steady beat,
Of Ivan Skavinsky Scavar,

So Ivan he won and he shouldered his gun,
He bent down to polish the pair,
When something red hot up his back passage shot,
'Twas Abdul Abulbul Emir.

The harlots turned green ,the crowd shouted "Queen",
They were ordered apart by the Tsar,
'Twas bloody bad luck for poor Abdul was stuck,
Up Ivan Skavinsky Scavar,

The cream of the joke came when they broke,
'Twas laughed at for years by the Tsar,
For Abdul the fool has left half his tool,
Up Ivan Skavinsky Scavar,

## 29 LIFE PRESENTS A DISMAL PICTURE

Life presents a dismal picture,
Dark and dreary as the tomb :
Fathers' got urethral stricture,
Mother's got a prolapsed womb.
Uncle James has been deported
For a homoxexual crime,
Nell, our maid, has just aborted
For the forty-second time.

Ours is not a happy household —
No-one laughs or ever smiles,
Mine's a dismal occupation
Crushing ice for Grandpa's piles,
Jane the under-housemaid vomits
Every morning just at eight,
To the horror of the butler,
Who's the author of her fate.

Auntie Kate has diarrhoea,
Shits ten times more than she ought —
Stands all day beside the rear,
Lest she should be taken short.
Grandpa, lurking in the woodshed,
Found a foetus in a case —
Father Pryke says it is murder —
Of sister Annie there's no trace.

Uncle Charlie has a chancre,
Caught from Uncle Henry's wife ;
May's in bed with menstruation,
Auntie's at the change of life.
Mabel's husband's now in prison,
For a childish prank of mine —
Pinching things that wasn't his'n —
Women's scanties off a line.

Dad's a man who likes the bestial,
Incest is my mother's fun,
So the whole four sleep together —
Father, mother, horse and son.
Anal-oral trends disgust me,
Though pronounced in Tiny Tim,
For I much prefer fellatio —
He sucks me and I suck him.

Little Jim keeps masturbating,
Though we tell him it is sin ;
Uncle Dave's the Kingsgrove slasher —
Uncle Henry dobbed him in ;
Still, we must not be down-hearted,
We must not be put about,
Cousin Susie has just farted —
Turned her arsehole inside out!

When a woman in strapless attire,
Found her breasts working higher and higher,
A guest, with great feeling,
Exclaimed, "How appealing!
Do you mind if I piss in the fire?"

There was a young man from Australia,
Who went on a wild bacchanalia,
He buggered a frog.
Two mice, and a dog,
And a bishop in fullest regalia

There was a young lady named Anna,
Who stuffed her friend's cunt with banana,
Which she sucked bit by bit,
From her partner's warm slit,
In the most approved Lesbian manner.

In the Garden of Eden sat Adam,
Just stroking the butt of his madam,
He was quaking with mirth,
For in all of the earth,
There were only two balls, and he had 'em.

There was a young lady called Alice,
Who pissed in the Archbishop' chalice,
It was not for the need,
She committed the deed,
Out of simple sectarian malice.

A young married couple from Aberystwyth.
Knew another young couple they played whist with,
They all managed when able,
To reach under the table,
And play with what the other ones pissed with.

There was a young man from Aberystwyth,
Who said the girl he just kissed with
"That hole in your crutch.
Is for fucking and such,
And not just a gadget to piss with."

There was a young lady called Annie,
Who had fleas, lice and crabs up her fanny,
To get up her flue,
Was like touring the zoo,
There were wild beasts in each nook and cranny.

These was an old maid from the Azores,
Whose cunt was all covered in sores,
Even dogs in the street,
Wouldn't touch the green meat,
That hung in festoon from her drawers.

There was a young girl from Assizes,
Whose breasts were of two different sizes,
The left one was small,
Sweet nothing at all,
The right one was large and won prizes,

Thers was a young lady named Alice,
Who used dynamite for a phallus,
They found her vagina,
In North Carolina,
Her arsehole in Buckingham Palace.

The once was a lady from Arden,
Who sucked a man off in a garden,
He said, "My dear Flo,
Where does all that stuff go?"
And she said, (Swallow hard) - I beg pardon?"

There was a young lady named Alice,
Who though of her cunt as a chalice,
One night sleeping nude,
She swoke, feeling lewd,
And found in her chalice a phallus.

There was a young man from Australia,
Who painted his arse like a dahlia,
The drawing was fine,
The color divine,
But the scent-ah, that was a failure,

There was a young fellow named Babitt,
Who could screw nine times like a rabbit,
But a girl from Lahore,
Could do it twice more,
Which was just enough extra to crab it.

There once was a Duchess of Bruges.
Whose cunt was incredibly huge,
Said the King to this dame,
As he thunderously came,
"Mon Dieu! Apres moi, le deluge!"

Sir Reginald Basington Bart,
Went to a masked ball as a fart,
He had painted his face,
Like a more private place,
And his voice made the dowagers start,

There was a young fellow named Brewster,
Who said to his wife as he goosed her,
It used to be grand,
But just look at my hand,
You ain't wiping as clean as you used 'ter."

There was a young man of Bengal,
Who went to a fancy dress ball,
Just for a stunt,
He dressed up as a cunt,
And was fucked by a dog in the hall.

There was a young trucker named Briard,
Who had a young whore that he hired,
To fuck when not trucking,
But trucking plus fucking,
Got him so fucking tired he got fired.

There was a young sailor named Bates,
Who did the fandango on skates,
He fell on his cutless,
Which rendered him nutless,
And parctically useless on dates.

There was a young man of Belgrave,
Who kept a dead whore in a cave,
He said "I admit,
I'm a bit of a shit,
But think of the money I save."

An Argentine gaucho named Bruno,
Said, "Fucking is one thing I do know,
A woman is fine,
A boy is divine,
But a llama is 'numero uno'."

There was a young man from Bengal,
Who had a rectangular ball,
The square of its weight,
Plus his penis times eight,
Was two-fifths of five eighths of fuck all.

There once was a fellow from Beverly,
Want in for fucking quite heavily,
He fucked night and day,
Till his bollocks gave way,
But the doctors replaced them quite cleverly.

There once was a Bishop of Buckingham,
Who wrote 'Assholes and Twelve Ways of Suckin' 'em',
He then went berserk,
When outdone by a Turk,
Ho wrote 'Women and Twelve Ways of Fuckin' 'em',

When her daughter got married in Bicester,
Her mother remarked as she kissed her,
"That fellow you've won,
Is sure to be fun,
Since tea he's fucked me and your sister."

Then there was the Bishop of Birmingham,
Who screwed all the girls while confirming' em.
To the roars of applause,
He would pull down their drawers,
And inject his Episcopal sperm in 'em.

There was a young man of Bombay,
Who fashioned a cunt out of clay,
But the heat of his prick,
Turned the clay into brick,
And it rubbed all his foreskin away.

A certain young Maiden from Babylon,
Decided to lure all the rabble-on,
By dropping her shirt,
And raising her skirt,
Exposing a market to dabble-on.

There once was a young man from Boston,
WhoTried to get laid in an Austin,
There was room for his ass,
And four gallons of gas,
But his balls hung outside and he lost 'em.

There were two young ladies of Birmingham,
And this is the story concerning 'em,
They lifted the frock,
And diddled the cock,
Of the Bishop as he was confirming 'em.

But the Bishop was nobody's fool,
He'd been to a large public school,
He pulled down their britches,
And diddled those bitches,
With his ten-inch Episcopal tool,

But that didn't bother these two,
They said as the Bishop withdrew,
"The Vicar is slicker,
And quicker and thicker,
And longer and stronger than you,"

There's a charming young lady named Beaulieu,
Who's often been screwed by yours truly,
But now-it's appalling'
Who' often been screwed by your truly,
But now-it's appalling'
My balls always fall in!
I fear that I've fucked her unduly.

There was a young sailor from Brighton,
Who said to his girl "You're a tight 'un'"
She replied, "'Pon my soul,
You've in the wrong hole,
There's plenty of room in the right 'un."

There was a young damsel named Baker,
Who was poked in a pew by a Quaker,
He yelled, "My God! what,
Do you call that - a twat?
Way the entrance is more than an acre!"

There was a young lady named Brent,
With a cunt of enormous extent,
And so deep and wide,
The acoustics inside,
Were so good you could hear when you spent,

There once was a Queen of Bulgaria,
Whose bush had grown hairier and hairier,
Till a Prince from Peru,
Who came for a screw,
Had to hunt for her cunt with a terrier.

There was a young girl who begat,
Three brats, by name Nat, Pat and Tat,
It was fun in the breeding.
But hell in the feeding,
When she found she had no tit for Tat.

There was a young fellow named Bliss,
Whose sex life was strangely amiss,
For even with Venus,
His recalcitrent penis,
Would never do better than this.

There was a young lady in Brent,
When her old man's pecker is bent,
She said with a sigh.
"Oh why must it die?
Let's fill it with Portland Cement."

On the bridge sat the Bishop of Buckingham,
Thinking of twats and of sucking 'em,
And watching the stunts,
Of the cunts in the punts,
And the tricks of the pricks that were fucking 'em.

There was a young fellow named Bouch,
Who inveigled a girl to a couch,
He said, "Pretty young miss,
I will take you, I wish,
Horizontally, vertically, crouch."

A nasty old bugger of Cheltenham,
Once shit in his bags as he knelt in 'em,
He sold them at Ware,
To a gentleman there,
Who didn't much like what he smelt in 'em.

A fisherman off of Cape Cod,
Said "I'll bugger that tuna by God!"
But the high-minded fish,
Resented his wish,
And nimbly swam off with his rod.

There once was a man of Cape Nod.
Who attempted to bugger a cod,
When up came some scallops,
That nibbled his bollocks,
And now he's eunuch, by God.

There was a young harlot of Crete,
Who was hawking her meat in the street,
Ambling out one fine day,
In a casual way,
She clapped up the whole British fleet.

There was a young woman of Chester,
Who said to the man who underessed her,
"I think you will find,
That it's better behind,
As the front is beginning to fester."

There was a young man of Coblenz,
The size of whose balls was immense,
One day playing soccer,
He sprung his left knocker,
And kicked it right over the fence.

There was a young woman of Croft,
Who play with herself in a loft,
Having reasoned that candles,
Could never cause scandals,
Besides which they did not go soft.

There was a young man from Cape Horn,
Who wished he had never been born,
He wouldn't have been,
If his father had seen,
That the end of his Frenchie was torn,
That the end of his Frenchie was torn.

A policeman from near Clapham Junction,
Had a penis which just wouldn't function,
For the rest of his life,
He misled his poor wife,
With a snot on the end of his truncheon.
There was a young lady of Cheam,
Who crept into the vestry unseen,
She pulled down her knickers,
And likewise, the Vicar's,
And said, "How about it, ol bean?"

A pretty young thing from Cape Cod,
Said, "Good things come only from God."
But 'twas not the Almighty,
Who lifted her nightie,
But Roger the lodger, the sod.

There was a young man from Calleen,
Who invented a fucking machine,
He pulled out the choke,
And the bloody thing broke,
And mixed both his balls into cream.

A lady while dining at Crewe,
Found an elephant's dong in her stew,
Said the waiter, "Don't shout,
Or wave it about,
Or the others will all want one too."

King Louis gave a lesson in class,
One time he was sexing a class,
When she used the word 'Damn'
He rebuked her : "Please ma'an,
Keep a more civil tongue in my ass."

There once was a passionate young Celte,
Who'd an urge to know how a cock felt,
One went in hard and straight,
But the heat was so great,
That she found she had caused it to melt.

There was a young lady of Crewe,
Whose cherry a chap had got through,
Which she told to her mother,
Who fixed her another,
Out of rubber and red ink and glue.

There was a young girl of Darjeeling,
Who could dance with such exquisite feeling,
    There was never a sound,
    For miles around,
Save of fly buttons hitting the ceiling.

There was a strong man of Drumrig,
Who one day did seven times frig,
    He buggered three sailors,
    Four butchers, two tailors,
And ended by fucking a pig.

There was an old man of Duluth,
Whose cock was shot off in his youth,
    He fucked with his nose,
    And with fingers and toes,
And he came through a hole in his tooth.

There was a young lady of Dexter,
Whose husband exceedingly vexed her,
    For whenever they'd start,
    He'd unfailingly fart,
With a blast that damn nearly unsexed her.

The prior of Dunstan St. Just,
Consumed with erotical lust,
    Raped the Bishop's prize fowls,
    Buggered four startled owls,
And a little green lizard, that bust.

A deacon of Tartary-Crim,
Whose notions of fucking were grim,
Used to get lots of fun
Out of stuffing a nun
With the sign of the cross on her quim.

The Bishop of Alexandretta
Loved a girl and he couldn't forget her,
So he thought he'd enshrine her
As the Holy Vagina
In the Chruch of the Sacred French Letter

The aged Archbishop of Joppa
Said, 'I think circumcision improper
If the organ is small
But I don't mind at all
About cutting a slice off a whopper."

There was a young lady of Kew
Who said as the Curate withdrew,
'The Vicar is slicker,
And quicker and thicker,
And two inches longer than you.'

That selfsame young lady of Kew
Said as the Vicar withdrew,
'The Verger's emerger
Is longer and lurger
And he gets his bollocks in too.'

A habit both vile and unsavory
Kept the Bishop of London is slavery,
With lecherous howls
He deflowered little owls
That he kept in an underground aviary.

There was a young lady called Phoebe
Who kept a small tame amoebe,
This wee piece of jelly
Would crawl on her belly,
And tenderly murmur 'Ich liebe.'

There was a young girl named McCall,
Whose cunt was exceedingly small,
But the size of her arse,
Was really first class,
It could take seven pricks and one ball.

There was a young man from Caleen,
Who invented a fucking machine,
He pulled out the choke,
And the bloody thing broke,
And mixed his balls to cream.

A shiftless young man from Kent,
Made his wife screw the landlord for rent,
But as she got older,
The landlord grew colder,
And now they live in a tent.

There was a young man of St.John's
Who attempted to bugger the swans,
When up came the porter –
'Sir, please take my daughter,
The swans are reserved for the dons.'

There was a young couple named Kelly,
Who were found stuck belly to belly,
Because in their haste,
They used library paste,
Instead of petroleum jelly.

There was a young man from BengalWho had a rectangular ball;
The square of his date,
Plus his penis times eight
Was two-fifths of five-eights of fuck-all

A pretty young thing from Cape Cod,
Said, 'Good things come only from God.
But 'twas not the Almighty
Who lifted her nighty,
But Roger the lodger, the sod.

There was a young lady of Trail
Who offered her body for sale.
She was kind to the blind
For on her behind
Her prices were written in Braille.

There was a young lady of Sydney
Who took it right up to the kidney.
One fellow, by heck,
Went right up to her neck,
He had a big one, now, didn't he!

A clever young harlot from Kew
Filled up her vagina with glue
She said, with a grin,
'If they pay to get in
They can pay to get out of it too!

There was a young man from Kartoum,
Who led a poor girl to her doom,
He not only fucked her,
But buggered and sucked her,
And left her to pay for the room.

A deacon of Tartary-Crim,
Whose notions of fucking were grim,
Used to get lots of fun
Out of stuffing a nun
With the sign of the cross on her quim.

The Bishop of Alexandretta
Loved a girl and he couldn't forget her,
So he thought he'd enshrine her
As the Holy Vagina
In the Church of the Sacred French Letter.

The aged Archbishop of Joppa
Said, I think circumcision improper
If the organ is small,
But I don't mind at all
About cutting a slice off a whopper'.

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Who said as the Curate withdrew.
'The Vicar is slicker,
And quicker and thicker,
And two inches longer than you.'

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'The Verger's emerger
Is longer and lurger
And he gets his bollocks in too.'

A habit both vile and unsavory
Kept the Bishop of London in slavery,
With lecherous howls
He deflowered little owls
That he kept in an underground aviary.

There was an old Bishop of Bings
Whose mind wandered off higher things,
His only desire
Was a boy in the choir
With an arse like a jelly on springs.

The kindly old Bishop of Birmingham
Seduced the young girls when confirming 'em,
'Midst roars of applause
He'd lower their drawers
And insert the episcopal worm in 'em.

On the bridge stood the Bishop of Buckingham,.
Thinking of arseholes and sucking 'em,
Watching the stunts

Of the cunts in the punts
And the tricks of the pricks that were fucking'em.

There was an old Bishop of Buckingham
Wrote a book about women and fucking 'em.
This notable work
Was capped be a Turk
Who wrote a treatise on arseholes and sucking'em.

There was a young lady called Alice
Who pissed in the Archbishop's chalice,
It wasn't for need
She committed the deed
But simply sectarian malice.

There was a young man of St John's
Who attempted to bugger the swans,
When up came the porter—
'Sir, please take my daughter,
The swans are reserved for the dons.'

An Argentine gaucho named Bruno
Said 'Fucking is one thing I do know,
'A woman is fine,
'A boy is divine,
'But a llama is mumerò uno.'

There was a young man from Nantucket
Whose cock was so long he could suck it ;
He said with a grin,
As he wiped off his chin,
'If my ear were a cunt I could fuck it.'

There was a young man from Bengal
Who had a rectangular ball ;
The square of his date,
Plus his penis times eight
Was two-fifths of five-eights of fuck-all.

A pretty young thing from Cape Cod,
Said, 'Good things come only from God.'
But 'twas not the Almighty
Who lifted her nighty,
But Roger the lodger, the sod.

There was a young fellow from Kent,
Whose tool was most horribly bent ;
To save himself trouble
He put it in double—
And instead of coming, he went.

There was a young lady of Trail
Who offered her body for sale.
She was kind to the blind
For on her behind
Her prices were written in Braille.

There was a young lady of Sydney
Who took it right up to the kidney.
One fellow, by heck,
Went right up to her neck,
He had a big one, now, didn't he!

A clever young harlot from Kew
Filled up her vagina with glue.
She said, with a grin,

'If they pay to get in
They can pay to get out of it too!'

A policeman of Stillwater junction
Whose penis had long ceased to function
For years of his life
Deceived his wife
By judicial misuse of his truncheon.

There was a young lady called Phoebe
Who kept a small tame amoebe,
This wee piece of jelly
Would crawl on her belly
And tenderly murmur 'Ich liebe.'

There was a young lady of Devon
Was raped on a haystack by seven
High Anglican priests—
Libidinous beasts—
Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

A man on a farm in Mortz.
Once planted two acres of titz ;
They came up in the fall,
Pink nipples and all,
Then he leisurely chewed them to bitz.

There was a young monk from Siberia
Whose existence grew drearier and drearier ;
Till one night with a yell
He burst from his cell
And buggered the Father Superior.

It seems that all our perversions
Were known to the Medes and the Persians ;
But the French and the Yanks
Earn our undying thanks
For inventing some modernised versions.

From a tomb, in a crypt at St Giles
Came a scream that was heard round for miles :
'O goodness gracious!'
Said Brother Ignatius,
'I forgot that the Abbot has piles.'

A maiden from Avignon, France,
Thought she'd diddle a while bonne chance ;
So she let herself go
For an hour or so
And now all her sisters sont tantes.

There was a young girl from Devon
Who was attacked by a party of seven.
Unorthodox priests—
Lecherous beats!
For such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

There was an old man of Cape Horn
Who wished he had never been born.
He wouldn't have been
If his father had seen
That the end of his frenchie was torn.

There was a young man of Belgrave
Who jucked a dead moll in a cave.
He said, 'I admit,

'I'm a bit of a shit,
'But look at the money I save.'

A virtuous maiden from Lilde
For a decade remained undefiled
By thinking of Jesus,
Contagious diseases,
And the dangers of having a child.

A young buck from Southern Halameter
Had an organ of tremendous diameter ;
But it wasn't the size
That brought moans and cries,
'Twas the rhythm-iambic pentameter.

There was a young fellow from Kings
Who dabbled in women and things,
But his principal joy
Was a short-trousered boy
With an arsehole like jelly on springs.

There was a young man from Duntroon
Who was born about three months too soon ;
He hadn't the luck
To be born by a fuck,
But a wet-dream fed in with a spoon.

A daring young midget named Shaw
Went to bed with a very large whore ;
And—God rest his soul—
He fell into her hole,
Screamed twice, and was heard of no more.

There was a young physicist named Fisque,
Who was termed a security risque ;
for acts of perversion
Were his main diversion,
At which one can only say 'Tisque'.

In the Garden of Eden sat Adam
Just stroking the butt of his madam ;
He was quaking with mirth,
For in all the earth,
There were only two balls, and he had 'em.

There was a young man named Racine
Who invented a fucking machine ;
Concave and convex
To fit any sex
But O, what a bastard to clean.

There was a young lady called Rhoda,
Who lived in a Chinese pagoda ;
The walls of the halls
Were bestrewn with the balls
And the tools of the fools who'd bestrode her.

A frustrated virgin named Pugh
Once dreamed she was having a scrugh ;
Repenting her sin,
She awoke with chagrin,
At finding it perfectly trugh.

Here's to the lousy, stinking wowsers!
Always looking down barmaids' blouses,
Pulling bulls off happy cowses,

Looking for stains on young men's trousers—
Here's to the lousy, stinking wowsers :
Here's to the lousy, stiking wowsers :
Fuck 'em!

At the orgy I humped twenty-two,
And, man, was I glad to get through,
A whole night of sexing
Turns boring and vexing,
But at orgies, what else can you do?

To his bride said the lynx-eyed detective,
"Can it be that my eyesight's defective?
Has your east tit the least bit
The best of your west tit,
Or is it a trick of perspective?"

A guru from eastern Tibet—
And this is the stangest one yet—
Had a member so long,
So pointed and strong
He could skewer six yaks en brochette.

There was a young fellow named Skinner
Who took a young lady to dinner.
They sat down to dine
At a quarter past nine
And at quarter past ten it was in her.
(The dinner, not Skinner ;
Skinner was in her before dinner.)

There was a young girl from Dumfries
Who said to her lover, "Oh, please,
You would heighten my bliss
If you played more with this,
And paid less attention to these."

A hillbilly farmer named Hollis
Used possums and snakes for his solace.
The children had scales
And prehensile tails
And voted for Governor Wallace.

A young woman got married at Chester ;
Her mother kissed her and blessed her,
"This man that you've won
Should be just loads of fun.
Since tea he's had me and your sister."

Possessed by the devils of doom,
He made love to a ghost in a tomb.
He did it, they say,
In the regular way—
Under the sheets, I presume.

When Tom had a lady named Claire,
He was the first one to ever get there.
She said, "Copulation
Can result in gestation,
But I swear, now you're there, I don't care!"

The new cinematic emporium
Is not just a supersensorium,
But a highly effectual
Hetersosexual
Mutual masturbatorium.

Said a lassie on one of her larks,
"It's more fun indoors than in parks ;
You feel more at ease,
Your ass doesn't freeze,
And strollers don't snide remarks!"

While befuddled with booze, Mr. Astor
Made a pass at a statue of plaster ;
When informed of his error
His mind filled with terror ;
"What a blessing," he said, "I'm not faster."

The rosy-cheeked lass from Dunellen
Whom the Hoboken rascals call Helen
In her efforts to please
Spread a social disease
From New York to the Straits of Magellan.

## 31 LLOYD GEORGE

(To the tune of : "Onward Christian Soldiers")
Lloyd George knew my father, father knew Lloy George;
Lloyd George knew my father, father knew Lloy George
Lloyd George knew my father, father knew Lloy George;
Lloyd George knew my father, father knew Lloy George .......

(repeat ad nauseum)

## 32 L O O P Y

(To the tune of : "Sweet Betsy From Pike")

Twas down in cunt valley where red rivers flow,
Where cocksuckers flourish and maidenheads grow ;
Twas there I met Loopy, the girl I adore,
She's a hot fucking, cocksucking, Mexican whore.

**Chorus :**
She'll fuck you, she'll suck you, she'll tickle your nuts ;
And if your're not happy, she'll suck out your guts.
She'll wrap her legs around you till you want to die ;
But I'd rather eat Loopy than sweet cherry pie.

When Loopy was a young girl of just about eight,
She'd swing too and fro on the back garden gate.
The crossmember parted, the upright went in ;
And since then she's lived in a welter of sin.

**Chorus.......**

Now Loopy is dead and she lays in her tomb,
The worms crawl around in her decomposed womb.
The smile on her face, well it says give me more ;
I'm a hot fucking, cocksucking, Mexican whore.

**Chorus ........**

## 33 LULU

**Chorus :** Bang, bang Lulu,
Lulu's gone away,
Who's gonna' bang bang,
When Lulu's gone away.

Some girls work in factories,
Some girls work in stores,
But Lulu works in a honky tonk (knockin' shop)
With forty other ........................

Lulu had a baby,
It was an awful shock,
She couldn't call it Lulu,
'Cause the bastard had a ........................

I took her to the pictures,
We sat down in the stalls,
And every time the lights went out,
She'd grab me by the ........................

She and I went fishing,
In a dainty punt,
And every time she caught a sprat,
She'd stuff it up her ........................

I wish I were the silver ring,
On Lulu's dainty hand,
Then every time she scratched her arse,
I'd see the promised ........................

I wish I were the chamber-pot,
Under Lulu's bed,
Then every time she took a piss,
I'd see her maiden ........................

Lulu had two boy-friends,
Both were very rich,
One was the son of a banker,
The other a son-of-a ........................

Lulu had a boy-friend,
His name was Tommy Tucker,
He took her down the alley,
To see if he could ........................

Lulu had a boy-friend,
A funny little chap,
Every time they had a bit,
She got a dose of ........................

Lulu was a pretty girl,
She had a lot of class,
Mini-skirts she'd wear a lot,
To make her show her ........................

Lulu had a bicycle,
The seat was very sharp,
Every time she sat on it,
It would slip right in her ........................

Lulu had a boy-friend,
He was very fit,
Working all day on the farm,
His job was shovelling ........................

Lulu and a boy-friend,
A stunted little runt,
One day they went to have a bit,
And he vanished up her .......................
Lulu had a little lamb,
She kept it in a bucket,
Every time the lamb jumped out,
The bulldog used to .......................

She and I went walking
We walked along the grass,
he slipped on a banana peel,
And fell down on her .......................

Lulu made some porridge,
It was very thick,
Lulu wouldn't eat it,
But she'd smear it on my .......................

Lulu had a bicycle,
The seat was very blunt,
Everytime she jumps on it,
It sticks her in the .......................

## 34 LUMBERJACK SONG

1.
I'm a lumberjack and I'm OK.
I sleep all night and I work all day.

(Chorus - Repeat 'I' in third person)

2.
I cut down trees, I eat my lunch
I go to the lavatory
On Wednesdays I go shopping
Have buttered scones for tea.

(Chorus - Repeat '2' and '1' in third person)

3.
I cut down trees, I skip and jump
I like to press wild flowers
I put on womens clothing
And hang around in bars.

(Chorus - Repeat '3' and '1' in third person)

4.
I cut down tress, I wear high heels
Suspenders and a bra
I wish I were a girlie
Just like my old Papa

(Chorus - Repeat '4' and '1' in third person)

## 35 MARY

Mary in the kitchen punching duff, punching duff, punching duff
Mary in the kitchen punching duff,

BULLSHITE

Mary in the kitchen punching duff,
When the cheeks of her arse went chuff, chuff, chuff
Shit all round the room tra-la
Shit all round the room

Mary in the kitchen boiling rice, boiling rice, boiling rice,
Mary in the kitchen boiling rice.

BULLSHITE

Mary in the kitchen boiling rice
When out of her cunt jumped three blind mice,
Shit all round the room tra-la
Shit all round the room.

Mary in the kitchen shelling peas, shelling peas, shelling peas
Mary in the kitchen shelling peas.

BULLSHITE

Mary in the kitchen shelling peas,
The hairs of her cunt hung down to her knees,
Shit all round the room tra-la
Shit all round the room.

Mary in the garden sifting cinders, sifting cinders, sifting cinders
Mary in the garden sifting cinders.

BULLSHITE

Mary in the garden sifting cinders
Blew one fart and broke then windows
Shit all round the room tra-la
Shit all round the room

Mary had a dog whose name was Ben, name was Ben, name was Ben
Mary had a dog whose name was Ben,

BULLSHITE

Mary had a dog whose name was Ben.
Had one ball which worked like ten

Shit all round the room tra-la
Shit all round the room.

Mary in the kitchen baking cakes, baking cakes, baking cakes.
Mary in the kitchen baking cakes.

BULLSHITE

Mary in the kitchen baking cakes
When out of her tits came two milk shakes
Shit all round the room tra-la
Shit all round the room.

## 36 MASTURBATION SONG

(To the tune of : "Finuculi – Fincula")
Last night I stayed up late to masturbate,
It felt so good, I knew it would.

Last night I stayed up late to masturbate,
It felt nice, I did it twice.
You should have seen me on the short strokes,
It left so grand, I used my hand,
You should have seen me on the long strokes,
It felt so neat, I used my feet.
Smash it, bash it, throw it on the floor,
Wrap it around the bedpost, stick it is the door.
Some people say it's nice to fornicate,
But as for me I'd rather stay up late and masturbate.

## 37 M O B I L E

Oh the eagles they fly high in Mobile, in Mobile,
Oh the eagles they fly high in Mobile,
Oh the eagles they fly high,
And they shit right in your eye,
Thank the Lord that cows don't fly in Mobile.

**Chorus :** In Mobile, in Mobile,
In-mo, in-mo, in-Mobile,
A-a-sshole, a-a-sshole, a-a-a-sshole.

There's a girl by the name of Dinah in Mobile, in Mobile,
There's a girl by the name of Dinah in Mobile,
There's a girl by the name of Dinah,
Who thinks there's nothing finer
Than a prick up her vagina in Mobile.

Oh the vicar is a bugger in Mobile ...............etc.
And the curate is another,
And they bugger one another in Mobile.

There's a shortage of bog paper in Mobile ....etc.
So they wait until it vapors,
Then they light it with a taper in Mobile.

If you're ever thrown in jail in Mobile.......... etc.
Well there's no need for bail,
'Cause the sherrif's wife's for sale in Mobile.

Oh the Hashers get no tail in Mobile, in Mobile,
Oh the Hashers get no tail in Mobile,
So for want of recreation,
They indulge in masturbation,
It's a hell of a situation in Mobile.

Oh there's a brand new lighthouse in Mobile...............................etc.
Which the birds use for a shite-house,
Now the lighthouse is a white-house in Mobile.

There's a shortage of good bogs in Mobile .................................etc.
So they wait until it clogs,
Then they saw it up in logs in Mobile.

There's a Jew by the name of Cohen in Mobile..............................etc.
To the Christian church he's goin',
'Cause his foreskin keeps on growin' in Mobile.

There's a man by the name of Hunt in Mobile .............................etc.
Who thought he had a cunt,
But his balls were back to front in Mobile.

There's a man by the name of West in Mobile .............................etc.
Who thought he had a breast,
But his balls were on his chest in Mobile.

Oh the girls they wear tin,undies in Mobile .................................etc.
And they take them off on Sundays,
You should see the boys on Mondays in Mobile.

There's a shortage of good whores in Mobile ..............................etc.
But there's keyholes in the doors,
And there's knotholes in the floors in Mobile.

Oh the parson is perverted in Mobile ..........................................etc.
And his morals are inverted,
There's a thousand he's converted in Mobile.

Frenchies are in short supply in Mobile ......................................etc.
And that's the reason why
You'll see them hanging out to dry in Mobile.

The virgins they are rare in Mobile ............................................etc.
When they get their pubic hair
They're deflowered by the Mayor in Mobile.

Oh the girls they wear tin pants in Mobile ..................................etc.
And they take them off to dance.
All the fellows get a chance in Mobile.

There's a lad named Dirty Danny in Mobile ................................etc.
And he likes a bit of fanny.
And he gets it off of granny in Mobile.

There's a bastard named Mercator in Mobile .............................etc.
Who's the greatest masturbator,
Fornicator, cunt-inflator in Mobile.

There's a girl with no ambition in Mobile, in Mobile,
There's girl with no ambition in Mobile,
And when she isn't wishin'
She gets in in the kitchen,
From the local obstetrician in Mobile.

Oh, men of drinking classes in Mobile .......................................etc.
When you've finished with your glasses,
You can shove then up your asses in Mobile.

Oh, the chemists are the keymen in Mobile ...............................etc.
Selling dehydrated semen,
To emasculated he-men in Mobile.

Oh, the Privates wash the dishes in Mobile ................................etc.
And they dry them on their britches,
Oh the dirty sons of bitches in Mobile.

Oh, the Sargeant is a bugger in Mobile ........................................etc.
And the Corporal is another,
And they bugger one another in Mobiel.

Oh, they drink their whisky neat in Mobile ..................................etc.
Till it drops them off their feet,
And they cannot get a beat in Mobile.

Oh, I chased the Colonel's daughter in Mobile .............................etc.
And I shagged her when I caught her,
Now the daughter's got a daughter in Mobile.

Oh, the cows they are all dead in Mobile .....................................etc.
So they milk the bulls instead,
'Cause the bastard's must be fed in Mobile.

## 38 MY GOD HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN

My father makes book on the corner,
My mother makes illicit gin
My sister sells kisses to sailors,
My God how the money rolls in.

**Chorus :** Rolls in, rolls in,
My God how the money rolls in, rolls in,
Rolls in, rolls in,
My God how the money rolls in.

My mother's a bawby house keeper
Each night when the evening grows dim
She hangs out a little red lantern,
My god how the money rolls in.

My cousin's a Harley Street surgeon,
With instruments long, sharp and thin,
He only does one operation,
My God how the money rolls in.

Uncle Joe is a registered plumber,
His business in holes and in tin,
He'll plug up your hole for a tanner,
My god how the money rolls in.

My brother's a slum missionary,
He saves fallen women from sin,
He'll save you a blonde for a dollar,
My God how the money rolls in.

My Grandad sells cheap prophylactics,
He punctures the teats with a pin,
For Grandma gets rich from abortions,
My God how the money rolls in.

My sister's a barmaid in Sydney,
For a shilling she'll strip to the skin,
She's stripping from morning till midnight,
My God how the money rolls in.

My aunt keeps a girls's seminary,
Teaching young girls to begin,
She doesn't say where they finish,
My God how the money rolls in.

I've shares in the very best companies,
In tramways, tobacco and tin,
In brothers in Rio de Janeiro,
My God how the money rolls in.

With wealth in the big German steel-works,
No wonder I helped Hilter win,
For when he suppressed the trade unions,
My God how the money rolled in.

My farther sent field guns to Franco,
My brother raised loans for Berlin,
My uncle sent scrap iron to Tokyo,
To make sure the money rolls in.

We've started an old fashioned gin shop,
A regular palace of sin,
The principal girl is my grandma,
My God how the money rolls in.

## 39 MY GRANDFATHER' COCK

(Tune : My Grandfather's clock)

My Grandfather's cock was too long for his pants
And it dragged serveral feet on the floor
It was longer by half than the old man himself
And it weighed near a hundredwight more.

He's a horn on the morn of the day he was born
It was always his pleasure and pride,
But it dropped shrank, never to rise again,
When the old man died.

**Chorus :** Ninety year without cracking it,
What a cock! What a cock!
He spent his life whacking it,
What a cock! What a cock!
But it dropped, shrank, never to rise again,
When the old man died.

My grandfather's cock was to long for his strides,
So he lent it to the woman next door,
She grabbed it by the point, and pulled it out of joint,
So he swore he'd never lend it any more.

He's horn on the morn of the day he was born,
It was always his pleasure and pride,
But it dropped, shrank, never to rise again,
When the old man died.

## 40 MY MOTHER-IN-LAW

One night in gay Paree
I paid five francs to see
A big fat French lady,
Tattooed from head to knee,
And on her jaw
Was a British man-o-war
And on her back was a Union Jack,
So I paid five francs more
And running up and down her spine,
Was the BH3 in line,

And on her lily-white bum
Was a picture of the rising sun,
And on her fanny,
Was Al Jolson singing "Mammy"
How I loves her, how I loves her,
How I loves my mother-in-law,

I loves my mother-in-law,
She's nothing but a dirty old whore
She nags me day and night,
And I can't do ****** all right
She's coming home to day
But I hope she stays away,
Now isn't it a pity,
She's only one titty
And she's in the family way.

Last night I greased the stairs,
Put tin-tacks on the chairs
I hope she breaks her back
Because I do love wearing black.

She drinks all my brandy
And makes my dog feel randy
How I loves her, how I loves her,
How I loves my mother-in-law.

## 41 MY ONE SKIN HANGS DOWN TO MY TWO SKIN

(To the tune of : " My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean")

My one skin hangs down to my two skin,
My two skin hangs down to my three,
My three skin hangs down to my foreskin,
My foreskin hangs down to my knee.

## 42 MY SISTER LILY

Oh, my sister Lily is a whore in Picadilly,
And my mother is another in the Strand,
My father flogs his arsehole 'round the Elephant and Castle,
We're the finest fucking family in the land.

**Alt :** Oh, her name is Diamond Lily,
She's a whore in Picadilly,
And her brother has a brothel in the Stand,
Her father sells his arsehole,
At the Elephant and Castle,
They're the richest fucking family in the land.

There's a man deep in a dungeon,
With his hand upon his trucheon,
And the shadow of his prick upon the wall,
And the ladies as they pass,
Stick their hat-pins up his ass,
And the little mice play billiards with his balls.

There's a little green urinal,
To the north of Waterloo,
And another a little further up,
There's a member of our school,
Playing tunes upon his tool,

While the passers-by put pennies in his cup.

Have you met my Uncle Hector,
He's a cock and ball inspector,
At a celebrated public school,
And my brother sells French Letters,
And a pattent cure for wetters,
We're not the best of families, ain't it cool.

## 43 NELLIE DARLING

Oh, your ass is like a stovepipe, Nellie Darling,
And the nipples on your tits are turning green,
There's thousand flies a' buzzing round your pussy,
Oh, your're the dirtiest, ugliest, rottenest, fucking bitch I've ever seen.

There's a yard of lint protruding from your navel,
When you piss, you piss a stream as green as grass.
There's enough wax in your ear to make a candle,
So why not make one dear, and shove it up your a-a-a-ass.

## 44 NELLY 'AWKINS

I first met Nelly 'Awkins down
the old Kent Road,
Her drawers were hanging down,
She'd just been with Charly Brown,
I shoved filthy tanner in her
filthy rotten hand,
'Cos she was a dirty old whore,
Oh she wore no blouses
And I wore no trousers
And we both wore no underwear.
When she caressed me
She damn near undressed me,
What a pleasure no man knows.
I went to the doctor. he said,
Where did you knock her,
I said, down where the green
grass grows.
He said in less than a twinkle
That pimple on your winkle,
Will be bigger than a big red rose.

**Chorus:**

Won't somebody make my rhubarb rise
Dada dada da da
Oh my rhubarb refuses to rise
To its natural size
Market garden-in size
Oh my rhubarb refuses to rise
'Cos my baby don't love me,
My baby don't love me
Oh my baby don't love no more.

To be screwed by a dude
Can be quite incidental,
That's why Durex is a girl's best
friend.

A poke with a bloke
Can be accidental,
So when he slips it in
Make sure it has that latex skin.
When he lets fly none get by,
Yes they all get caught up in
the end.
This simple precaution
Can prevent abortions,
That's why Durex is a girl's best
friend.

**Chorus:**

I caught a dose of pox a year ago,
I thought it was the clap
and it would go.
But the more I waited,
The worse it grew,
Now I've got the galloping
knob rot.
What can I do?
The other day I lost my starboard
ball,
All now the other one's begun to
fall,
I'm wasting away,
I'll be sorry someday,
'Cos then I'll have no balls at
all.

## 45 NO BALLS AT ALL

Come all you young drunkards give ear to my tale,
I will tell you a story that will make you turn pale,
It's about a young lady so pretty and small,
Who married a man who had no balls at all.

**Chorus :** No balls at all, no balls at all,
She felt for his balls, he had no balls at all.

"Oh mother, Oh mother, Oh pity my luck,
I've married a man who's unable to fuck,
His toolbag is empty, his screwdriver's small,
The impotent wretch has got no balls at all."

**Chorus :** No ball at all, no balls at all,
The impotent wretch has got no balls at all.

"My daughter, My daughter, Don't be so sad,
I had the same problem with your dear old dad,
But there's many a man who'll give ear to the call,
Of the wife of the man who has no balls at all.

**Chorus :** No balls at all, no balls at all,
To the wife of the man who has no balls at all.

The pretty young girl took her mother's advice,
And she thought the whole thing was exceedingly nice,
An eighteenpound baby was born in the fall,
But the poor little bastard had no balls at all.

**Chorus :** No Balls at all, no balls at all,
The poor little bastard had no balls at all.

## 46 OLD KING COLE

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he.
He called for his wife in the middle of the night,
And he called for his fiddlers three.
Now every fiddler had a very fine fiddle,
And a very fine fiddle had he.
Fiddle-diddle-dee, diddle-dee, said the fiddlers,
Merry, merry men are we.
There's none so fair that can compare,
With the boys of the HHH.

**Leader :** How's your father?
**Response :** ALL RIGHT!

**Leader :** How's your mother?
**Response :** SHE'S TIGHT!

**Leader :** How's your sister?
**Response :** SHE MIGHT!

**Leader :** When was the last time?
**Response :** LAST NIGHT!

**Leader :** When is the next time?
**Response :** TONIGHT!

**Leader :** How's your arsehole?
**Response :** FULL OF SHITE!

Old King Cole .................... etc.
And he called for his tailors three,
Now every tailor had a very fine needle,
And a very fine needle had he.
Stick it in and out, in and out said the tailors,
Fiddle-diddle-dee, diddle-dee said the fiddlers,
Merry, merry men .................... etc.

Jugglers three-two very fine balls -
Throw your balls in the air said the jugglers.

butchers three- a very fine chopper -
Put it on the block, chop it off said the butchers.

Barmaids three- a very fine candle -
Pull it out, pull it out, pull it out said the barmaids.

Cyclists three-two very fine pedals -
Round and round, round and round said the cyclists.

Flautist three - a very fine flute -
Root diddly-oot, diddly-oot said the flautists.

Painters three - a very fine brush -
Wop it up and down, up and down said the painters.

Horsemen three - a very find saddle -
Ride it up and down, up and down said the horsemen.

Carpenters three - a very fine hammer -
Bang away, bang away, bang away said the carpenters.

Surgeons three - a very fine scalpel -
Cut it round the knob,, make it throb said the surgeons.

Fishermen three - a very fine rod -
Mine is two feet long said the fishermen.

Huntsmen three - a very fine horn -
Wake up in the morn with a horn said the huntsmen.

Coalmen three - a very fine sack -
Want it in the front or the back said the coalmen.

Drummers three - a very fine drum -
Thump it right up to the stump said the drummers.

Axemen three - a very fine axe -
Chop it right back to the stump said the axemen.

Parsons three - a very fine book -
Goodness, gracious me said the parsons.

Ladies three - a very fine cat -
Come and pet my pussy said the ladies.

## 47 OLD MCDONALD HAD A FARM

**Chorus :** Old McDonald had a farm,
Ey-i, Ey-i, oh.
And on this farm he had some ..........

Cows,
Ey-i, Ey-i, oh.
And the cows were cowing it here,
And the cows were cowing it there,
Cowing it here, cowing it here, cowing it everywhere.

Rams,
Ey-i, Ey-i, oh.
And the rams were ramming it here,
And the rams were ramming it there,
Ramming it here, ramming it here, ramming it everywhere.
And the cows were cowing .......... etc.

Bulls,
Ey-i, Ey-i, oh.
And the bulls were bulling it here,
And the bulls were buliing it there,
Bulling it here, bulling it there, bulling it everywhere,
And the rams were ramming .......... etc.
And the cows were cowing .......... etc.

Turkeys,
Ey-i, Ey-i, oh.
And the turkeys were gobbling it here,
And the turkeys were gobbling it there,
Gobbling it here, gobbling it there, gobbling it everywhere.
And the bulls were bulling .......... etc.
And the rams were ramming .......... etc.
And the cows were cowing .......... etc.

Geese,
Ey-i, Ey-i, oh.
And the geese were goosing it here,
And the geese were goosing it there,
Goosing it here, goosing it there, goosing it everywhere,

And the turkeys were gobbling .......... etc.
And the bulls were bulling .......... ect.
And the rams were ramming .......... ect.
And the cows were cowing .......... ect.

Chicks,
Ey-i, Ey-i, oh.
And the chicks were pulling it here,
And the chicks were pulling it there,
Pulling it here, pulling it there, pulling it everywhere,
And the geese were goosing .......... etc.
And the turkeys were gobbling .......... etc.
And the bulls were bulling .......... etc.
And the rams were ramming .......... etc .
And the cows were cowing .......... etc.

Sheep,
Ey-i, Ey-i, oh.
And the sheep were shedding it here,
And the sheep were shedding it there,
Shedding it here, shedding it there, shedding it everywhere,
And the chicks were pulling, .......... etc.
And the geese were goosing .......... etc.
And the turkeys were bobbling .......... etc.
And the bulls were bulling .......... etc.
And the rams were ramming .......... etc.
And the cows were cowing .......... etc.

## 48 ONCE A BLOODY HASHMAN

(To the tune of : "Waltzing Matilda")
Once a bloody hashman jumped into a shiggy-pit,
Under the smell of a durian tree,
And he hummed and he stank as he swallowed all that shiggy-pit,
I'll never see the beer, said he.

**Chorus :** Short-cutting hashmen, short-cutting hashmen

I'll never short-cut again, said he.
And he stank as he sank and wallowed in that shiggy-pit,
Who'll come a' wallowing in hash with me.

Up jumped a kampung man screaming most hysterically,
You can't swin there, Tuan, said he,
That's my jolly shiggy-pit you've got in your underpants,
That will cost you ringits, one, two, three.

**Chorus**

Out climbed the hashman, dripping very smellily,
You'll never get your kitty from me,
And he squelched and he oozed over to a billabong,
Who'll come a wallowing in hash with me.

**Chorus**

(Quietly)
Now his voice may be heard as he runs the trial so lone,
Please, please, please come a' running with me,
But the pack, far ahead, is hiding very craftily,
Back to your shiggy-pit and let us be.

Chorus

## 49 ONE EYED RILEY

When I was sitting by the fire,
(Sitting in O'Riley's bar one day)
Drinking whiskey, passing water,
Suddenly a thought came to my mind,
I'd like to fuck O'Riley's daughter.

**Chorus :** Giddy-eye-eye, giddy-eye-oh,
Giddy-eye-eye, for the one eyed Riley,
Rough 'em up, stuff 'em up, balls and all,
Hey jig-a-jig eye-oh,
(Play it on your old base drum)

Her hair was black, her eyes were blue,
The Colonel, the Major, and the Captain sought her,
The regimental goat and the drummer boy too,
But they never had a fuck with O'Riley's daughter.

Lack O'Flanagan is my name,
I'm the king of copulation,
Drinking beer my claim to fame,
Fucking women my occupation.

Walking through the town one day,
Who should I meet but O'Riley's daughter,
Never a word to her did say,
But "Don't you think we really 'oughter!"

Up the stairs and into bed,
There I cocked my left leg over,
Marianne was smiling then,
Smiling still when the fuck was over.

Fucked her till her tits were flat,
Filled her up with soapy water,
She won't get away with that,
If she doesn't have twins then she really 'oughter'.

Fucked her standing, fucked her lying,
If she had wings, I'd fucked her flying.

Suddenly footsteps on the stairs,
Old man Riley bent on slaughter,
Bloody great pistol in his hand,
Looking for the one who fucked his daughter.

He fired the pistol at my head,
Missed me by an inch and a quarter,
Hit his daughter Marianne,
Right in the place where she passes water.

I grabbed O'Riley by the hair,
Shoved his head in a bucket of water,
Rammed his pistol up his ass,
A damn sight quicker than I fucked his daughter.

Old man Riley's dead and gone,
Shall we bury him? Not fucking likely,
We'll nail him to the shithouse door,
And there we'll bugger him twice nightly.

Come you virgins, maidens fair,
Answer me quick and true not slyly,
Do you want it straight and square,
Or the way I gave it to one eyed Riley.

Marrianne's dead but not forgotten.
Let's dig her up and fuck her rotten!

## 50 ONE-EYED TROUSER SNAKE

1. Oh, I got a little creature
I suppose you'd call him a pet
And if there's something wrong with him
I don't have to see the vet
He goes everywhere that I go
Whether sleeping or awake
God help me if I ever lost me one eyed trouser snake

**Chorus :** Oh me one-eyed trouser smake
Oh me one-eyed trouser snake
God help me if I ever lost
me one-eyed trouser snake.

2. One day I got reading in an old sky pilot's book
About two strakers bastards who made the hood go crook
They reckoned it was a serpent that made eve the apple take
Criped that was no flaming serpent, 'twas Adam's one-eyed trouser snake

3. I met this arty sheila who I'd never met before
And something kind of told me she banged like a dunny door
I said, "come up and see me etching", she said, "I hope it's not a fake"

4. So come all you little sheilas and listen to me song,
The moral of the trouser snake is shortas it is long,
Beward of imitations, don't lock your bedroom door
When me pyjama python bites you, you'll be screaming out for more.

## 51 OU EST LE PAPIER

A Frenchman went to the lavat'ry
To have him a jolly good shit,
He took his coat and his trousers off
So that he could revel in it.
But when he reached for the paper
He found that someone had been there before,
"Ou est le papier ?"
Ou est le papier ?
Monsieur, monsieur, J'at fait manure.
Ou est le papier ?

## 52 POOR LITTLE ANGELINE

She was sweet sixteen and the village queen,
Pure and innocent was Angeline,
A virgin still, never known a thrill,
Poor little Angeline.

At the village fair, the Squire was there,
Masturbating in the middle of the square,

When he chanced to see the dainty knee,
Of poor little Angeline.

Now the village Squire had a low desire,
To be the biggest bastard in the whole damn shire,
He had set his heart on the vital part,
Of poor little Angeline.

As she lifted her skirt to avoid the dirt,
She slipped in the puddle of the Squire's last squirt,
And his knob grew raw at the sight he saw,
Of poor little Angeline.

So he raised his hat and said, "Miss, your cat,
Has been run over and is squashed quite flat,
But my car is in the square and I'll take you there,
Oh dear little Angeline."

Now the filthy old turd should have got the bird,.
Instead she followed him without a word,
And as they drove away, you could hear them say,
Poor little Angeline.

They had not gone far when he stopped his car,
And took little Angeline into a bar,
Where he filled her with gin, just to make her sin,
Poor little Angeline.

When he'd oiled her well, he took her to a dell,
And there he gave have merry fucking hell,
And he tired his luck with a low down fuck,
On poor little Angeline,

With a cry of "Rape," he raised his cape,
Poor little Angeline had no escape,
Now it's time someone came to save the name,
Of poor little Angeline.

Now the story is told of a blacksmith bold,
Who'd loved little Angeline for years untold,
He was handsome roo and he'd promised to be true,
To poor little Angeline.

**Alt :** Now the village blacksmith was brave and bold,
And he'd loved little Angeline for years untold,
And he vowed he'ds true whatever they'd do,
To poor little Angeline.

But sad to say, that very same day,
The blacksmith had gone to jail to stay,
For coming in his pants at the local dance,
With poor little Angeline.

Now the window of his cell overlooked the dell,
Where the Squire was giving poor Angeline hell,
As she lay on the grass, he recognized the ass,
Of poor little Angeline.

Now he got such a start that he let out a fart,
Which blew the prison bars wide apart,
And he ran like shit lest the Squire should split,
His poor little Angeline.

When he got the spot and saw what was what,
He tied the villain's penis in a granny knot,
And as he lay on his guts he was kicked in then nuts,
By poor little Angeline,

**Alt :** When he got to the spot and saw what was what,
He tied the villain's penis in a granny knot,
For there upon the grass was the imprint of the ass,
Of poor little Angeline,

"Oh blacksmith turn, I love you, I do,
And I can tell by your trousers that you love me too,
Here I am undressed, come and do you best,"
Cried poor little Angeline.

Now it won't take long to finish this song,
For the blacksmith had a penis over one foot long,
And his phalic charm was as brawny as his arm,
Happy little Angeline.

## 53 RING THE BELL VERGER

**Chorus :** Ring the bell verger, ring the bell ring,
Perhaps the congregation will condescend to sing,
Perhaps the village organist sitting on his stool,
Will play upon his organ and not upon his tool.

Ocean liner five months late,
Stoker stoking stoker's mate,
Captain's voice comes down the wire,
"Stop stoking mate and start stoking fire !"

Lordship's chauffeur in the garage lies,
Lordship's wife between his thighs,
Lordship's voice comes from afar,
"Stop fucking wife and start fucking car !"

Part-time barman in the four-ale lurks,
Tossing off with erratic jerks,
The landlord's voice begins to moan,
"Stop pulling plonker and start pulling foam !"

Verger in the belfry stood,
Grasped in his hand, his mighty pud,
From afar the vicar yells,
"Stop pulling pud and start pulling bell !"

Old time convict in the compound stands,
His pick lies idle in his hands,
The warden's voice begins to moan,
"Stop picking prick and start picking stone !"

## 54 ROEDEAN SCHOOL

We are from Roedean, good girls are we,
We take great pride in our virginity,
We take precautions and avoid abortions,
For we are from Roedean School .................

**Chorus :** Up School, Up School, Up School,
Right Up School!
Laah-lah, laah-lah, lah, lah, lah, lah, lah,
Laah-lah, laah-lah, lah, lah, lah, lah, lah,

Our school porter, he is a fool,
He's only got a teeny weeny tool,
All right for keyholes and little girlies' pee-holes,
But not for girls at Roedean School ........................

When we go out to the Vicar's for tea,
He likes to bounce us up and down on his knee,
We feed him brandy, which makes him feel randy,
For we are from Roedean School ........................

When we go down to the beach for a swim,
The people remark on the size of our quim,
You can bet your bottom dollar, it's big as a horse's collar,
For we are from Roedean School ........................

Our head prefect, her name is Jane,
She only likes it now and again,
AND AGAIN, AND AGAIN, AND AGAIN, AND AGAIN,
For she is from Roedean School ........................

Our house mistress, she can't be beat,
She lets us go walking in the street,
We sell our titties for three-penny bitties,
Right outside of Roedean School ........................

Our sports mistress, she is the best,
She teaches us how to develop our chest,
We wear tight sweaters and carry French Letters,
For we are from Roedean School ........................

Each week at Roedean we have a dance,
We don't wear bras and we don't wear pants,
We like to give all the fellows a chance,
For we are from Roedean School ........................

Our head gardner, he makes us drool,
He's got a great big dirty whoppin' tool,
All right for tunnels and Queen Mary's funnels,
And great for the girls at Roedean School ........................

We have a new girl, her name is Flo,
Nobody thought that she would have a go,
But she surprised the Vicar by raising him quicker,
Than any other girl at Roedean School ........................

We are from Roedean, lesbos are we,
Caused by living in an all-girls dormit'ry,
It's lights out at seven, candles out at eleven,
For we are from Roedean School ........................

Our school doctor, she is a beaut,
Teaches us to swerve when our boy friends shot,
It saves many marriages and forced miscarriages,
For we are from Roedean School ........................

We go to Roedean, don't we have fun,
We know exactly how it is done,
When we lie down we hole it in one,
For we are from Roedean School ........................

Those girls from Cheltenham, they are just sissies,
They get worked up over one or two kisses,
It takes wax candles and long broom handles,
To rouse the girls at Roedean School ........................

We go to Roedean, we can be had,
Don't take our word, boy, ask your old dad,

He brings his friends for breath-taking trends,
For we are from Roedean School ......................

In our winter we wear our J. D.'s,
Long combinations well below our knees,
It's all right for dragging, but no good for shagging,
For we are from Roedean School ......................

## 55 ROLL ME OVER IN THE CLOVER

Well, this is number one,
And the fun has just begun,
Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.

**Chorus :** Roll me over in the clover,
Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.

Well, this is number two,
And my hand is on her shoe,
Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.

**Chorus**

Well, this is number three,
And my hand is on her knee,
Roll me over .......... etc.

**Chorus**

Well, this is number four,
And we're rolling on the floor,
Rool me over ..........etc.

**Chorus**

Well, this is number five,
And the bee is in the hive,
Roll me over ..........etc.

**Chorus**

Well, this is number six,
And she said she liked my tricks,
Roll me over ..........etc.

**Chorus**

Well, this is number seven,
And we're in our seventh heaven,
Roll me over ..........etc.

**Chorus**

Well, this is number eight,
And the nurse is at the gate,
Roll me over .......... etc.

**Chorus**

Well, this is number nine,
And the twins are doing fine,
Roll me over .......... etc.

**Chorus**

Well, this is number ten,
And we're at it once again,
Roll me over .......... etc.

**Chorus**

Well, this is number eleven,
And we start again from seven,
Roll me over .......... etc.

**Chorus**

Well, this is number twelve,
And she said, you " kan jag isalv."
Roll me over ..........etc.

**Chorus**

Well, this is number twenty,
And she said that that was plenty,
Roll me over ..........etc.

**Chorus**

Well, this is number thirty,
And she said that that was dirty,
Roll me over ..........etc.

**Chorus**

Well, this is number forty,
And she said, "Now you are naughty."
Roll me over ..........etc.

## 56 RULE BRITANNIA

(To the tune of : "Pomp and Circumstance March")

Rule Britannia, marmalade and jam,
Five Chinese crackers up your asshole,
BANG, BANG, BANG, BANG, BANG !

Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the seas,
Britons never, never, never shit green peas.

## 57 SHE AIN'T GONNA FUCK NO MORE

***HASH SONG OF THE YEAR 1981***

To Charlie Truby goes the credit of the greatest new hash song of the vear, indeed the greatest new song at least since Len Funk introduced Baltimore to Jakarta.

My eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the whore
Who had fucked all round Jakarta, but had never come before,
She'd fuck and suck most anything and she had a running sore.
But she ain't gonna fuck no more.

**CHORUS - any version**

She hung around the Tankard and she danced at Tanamour
And with all the fucking that she'd done, she'd never come before,
But she ain't gonna fuck no more.

That whore went round Jakarta in and out of very bed,
But through she tried with all her might, her cunt felt almost dead,
But she ain't gonna fuck no more.

She alost quit then in despair, but then she had a flash.
She siad "I've tried most everything, but havn't tried the HASH!
And all those wankers are so pissed up, they'll never see the rash".
But she ain't gonna fuck no more.

And so one steaming monday night, she found the Anker truck,
She could see by the craced looks in their eyes that she would have some luck,
So she strolled into the circle and challenged anyone to fuck
But she ain't gonna fuck no more.

The Hash Master was in control and so he stepped up first,
But sadly the man had drunk too much and overquenched his thirst;
When he pulled his flaccid penis out, she laughed like she would brust,
But she ain't gonna fuck no more.

The Joint Hash Masters took a turn, they stepped up one by one,
But with each prick she gave a sigh for still she hadn't come,
She said "You're no good at fucking, you'd best go back and run".
But she ain't gonna fuck no more.

The Masters of Music tried their hands but couldn't do a thing,
One was so tired from running, all he could do was sing,
The other tried a short cut, got his prick lost in her ring,
But she ain't gonna fuck no more.

Hash Cash stepped hard into the fray and tried to fill the breach
But when he put it up inside she said it wouldn't reach,
So she grabbed the Secretary and she sucked him like a leech,
But she ain't gonna fuck no more.

The Scribe stepped up and cried, "The pen is mightier than the sword",
But when he jumped upon her she just lay there looking bored;
She said "You're really nothing when you've whored like I have whored".
But she ain't gonna fuck no more.

The Religius Adviser said a prayer and called upon the gods,
The only way to make her come was with his divine rod,
But even with celestial help, he was like the other sods,
But she ain't gonna fuck no more.

All in the circle took their turns the Germans and the Frogs,
The Aussies, Yanks and Pommies and even a couple of wogs,
But the Dutchmen were the first in line to shed their running togs,
But she ain't gonna fuck no more.

When they all had finished she said "there's something I must tell,
I've laid here in the circle and watched all your pricks swell,
But for all the good you've done for me, you can all go straight to hell",
But she ain't gonna fuck no more.

They each had tried her one by one as she lay upon the grass,
They'd jammed it up her cunt and mouth and some had tried her ass,
The one thing that they hadn't tried, was to fuck her all en masse,
But she ain't gonna fuck no more.

What alone they didn't do, they accomplished it in sum,
With three pricks between each finger and 18 up her bum
And 16 each in cunt and mouth, she said "I think I've come",
But she ain't gonna fuck no more.

The city bells began to peel, her body began to shake,
Exploding rockets lit the sky, the earth began to quake,
That one massive orgasm was all that she could take,
But she ain't gonna fuck no more.

And when they climbed down off her and they looked upon the ground,
Nothing of her could be seen and nothing could be found,
They said though she was one good fuck, she'd never be a Hash House Hound,
For she ain't gonna fuck no more.

## 58 SIR JASPER

She wears her silk payamas in the summer when it's hot,
She wears her wollen nightie in the winter when it's not,
But later in the springtime, and early in the fall,
She jumps between the lily-white sheets with nothing on at all.

**Chorus :** She's a most immoral lady,
She's most immoral lady,
She's a most immoral lady,
As she lay between the lily-white sheets with nothing on at all.

Oh, Sir Jasper do not touch me,
Oh, Sir Jasper do not touch me,
Oh, Sir Jasper do not touch me,
As she lay between the lily-white sheets with nothing on at all.

**Chorus**

Oh, Sir Jasper do not touch! (three times)
As she lay ........................ etc.

**Chorus**

Oh, Sir Jasper do not! (three times)
As she lay ........................ etc.

**Chorus**

Oh, Sir Jasper, do! (three times)
As she lay ........................ etc.

**Chorus**

Oh Sir Jasper! (three times)
As she lay ........................ etc.

**Chorus**

**Oh! (three times)**
**As she lay ........................ etc.**

## 59 SOME DIE OF DRINKING WATER

Some die of drinking water,
And some of drinking beer,
Some die of constipation,
And some of diarrhoea.
But of all the world's diseases,
There's none that can compare,
With the drip, drip, drip, of the syphilitic prick
Of a British Grenadier.
**Alt.** With the drip, drip, drip, of a syphilitic prick,
And they call it gonorrhoea.

I like the girls who say they will,
And I like the girls who won't.
I hate the girls who say thay will,
And then they say they won't.
But of all the girls I like the best,
I may be wrong or right,
Are the girls who say they never will,
But look as though they might.

## 60 SWEET VIOLETS

**Chorus :** Sweet violets, sweeter than the roses,
Covered all over from head to toe,
Covered all over in SHIT!, SHIT!, SHIT!

My father was a coal miner,
A coal miner that he was.
Sometimes he'd shovel up coal dust,
And sometimes he he'd shovel up ...........

My brother was a pilot,
A pilot that he was.
Sometimes he'd land on the runway,
And sometimes he'd land on the ...........

My wife, she died on the toilet,
She died of a horrible fit.
And to satisfy her last wishes,
She was buried in six feet of ...........

My father went to the woodshead,
Some wood he wanted to split,
But when he grabbed hold of the handle,
He found it was covered in ...........

Phylis Quat kept a sack in the garden,
I was curious I must admit,
One day I stuck in my finger,
And pulled it out covered in ...........

I sat in a gold lavatory,
In the home of the Baron of Split,
The seat was encrusted with rubies,
But as usual the bowl contained ...........

My brother he worked in a sower,
Some lamps they had to be lit,
One evening there was an explosion,
And my brother was covered with ...........

Phyllis Quat took a bag to her boy friend's,
But the bag was old and it split,
Now the boy friend and Phyllis have parted,
For the bag was packed quite full of ...........

Now baby was eating an apple,
They thought he had swallowed a pip,
But when they examined his nappy,
They found it was covered in ...........

Well, now my song it is ended,
And I have finished my bit,
And if any of you feel offended,
Stick your head in a bucket of ...........

## 61 TEN STICKS OF DYNAMITE

(To the tune of : "Ten Green Bottles")

Ten sticks of dynamite hanging on the wall,
Ten sticks of dynamite hanging on the wall,
And if one stick of dynamite should accidentally fall,
THERE'D BE NO FUCKING DYNAMITE AND NO FUCKING WALL !

## 62 THE BALL OF KIRRIEMUIR

Four and twenty virgins,
Came down from Inverness,
And when the ball was over,
There were four and twenty less.

**Chorus :** Singing balls to your partner,
Ass against the wall,
If you've never been fucked on Saturday night,
You'll never get fucked at all.

The village cripple he was there,
He wasn't up too much,
He lined them up against the wall,
And shagged them with his crutch.

The Queen was in the parlour,
Eating bread and honey,
The King was in the chambermaid,
And she was in the money.

They were fucking in the ante-room,
And fucking on the stairs,
You couldnt see the carpet,
For the cunts and curly hairs,

First lady forward,
Second lady back,
Third lady's finger,
Up the fourth lady's crack.

The village policeman he was there,
The pride of all the force,
They found him in the stable,
Wanking off his horse.

They were fucking in the parlour,
They were fucking in the grass,
And all that you could see,
Were waves of undulating ass.

Mike Mc Murdock when he got there,
His prick was long and high,
But when he fucked her forty times,
He was fucking mighty dry.

Mctavish, oh yes, he was there,
His prick was long and broad,
And when he fucked the furrier's wife,
She had to be rebored.

Dine's had an even stroke,
His skill was much admired,
He gratified one cunt a time,
Until his skill expired.

The chimney sweep he was there,
They had to throw him out,
For everytime he passed some wind,
The room was filled with soot.

The village builder he was there,
He brought his bag of tricks,
He poured cement in all the holes,
And blunted all the pricks.

Little Jimmy he was there,
The leader of the choir,
He hit the balls of all the boys,
To make their voices higher.

Another idiot he was there,
A' learning on the gate,
He couldn't find a cunt,
Se he had to flatulate.

Mr.s O'Malley she was there,
She had the crowed in fits,
Jumping off the mantlepiece,
And landing on her tits.

The Vicar's wife she was there,
Dressed in a long white shroud,
Swinging on the chandelier,
And pissing on the crowd.

There was fucking in the hallways,
There was fucking in the ricks,
You couldna hear the music,
For the swishing of the pricks.

The Parson's daughter she was there.
The cunning little runt,
With poison ivy on her tits (up her ass).
And thistles up her cunt.

The village doctor he was there,
He had his bag of tricks,
And in between the dances,
He was sterilizing pricks.

A couple of hashmen they (Jock McVenning he) was there,
A' looking for a fuck,
But all the cunts were occupied,
And they were out of luck.

Little Tommy he was there,
He was only eight,
He was too small for women,
So he had to masturbate.

The Parson's wife she was there.
Sitting in front of the fire,
Knitting rubber Johnnies,
Out of india rubber tyre.

Four and twenty prostitutes,
Came up form Glockamore,
And when the ball was over,
They were all of them double-bore.

Sandy McPhearson he came along,

It was bloody shame,
He fucked a lassie forty times,
And wouldna take her haim.

The village magician he was there,
Doing his favorite trick,
Pulling his foreskin over his head,
And vanishing up his prick.

The vicar's wife she was there,
Back up against the wall,
"Put your money on the table boys,
I'm fit to do ye all."

The Vicar and his lovely wife,
Were having lots of fun,
The Parson had his finger,
Up another lady's bum.

Father O'Flannigan he was there,
And in the corner he sat,
Amusing himself and abusing himself,
And catching it in his hat.

There was fucking on the couches,
And fucking in the punts,
And lying up against the wall,
Were rows of grinning cunts.

Farmer Brown he was there,
A' jumping on his hat,
For half on acre of his corn,
Was fairly fucking flat.

Giles he played a dirty trick,
We cannot let it pass,
He showed his lass his mighty prick,
And shoved it up her ass.

The village postman he was there,
He had a case of Pox,
He couldn fuck the lassies,
So he fucked the letter box.

The village idiot he was there,
Sitting on a pole,
He pulled his foreskin over his head,
And whistled through his hole.

**Var** : The village idiot he was there,
He wasn't such a fool,
He pulled his freskin over his head,
And whistled through his tool.

The village butcher he was there,
His cleaver in his hand,
And everytime he turned around,
He circumcised the band.

The village plumber he was there,
He felt an awful fool,
He'd come eleven leagues or more,
And forgot to bring his tool.

There was fucking in the kitchen,
And fucking in the halls,

The most predominant sound,
Was the clanging of the balls.

The bride was in the kitchen,
Explaining to the groom,
The vagina, not the rectum,
Is the entrance to the womb.

The village smithy he was there,
Sitting by the fire,
Doing abortions by the score,
With a red-hot piece of wire.

The smithy's brother he was there,
A mighty man was he,
He lined them up against the wall,
And shagged them three by three.

And when the ball was over,
The maidens all confessed,
Although they liked the music,
The fucking was the best.

## 63 THE BASTARD KING OF ENGLAND

Oh, the minstrels sing of an English King,
Of many long years ago,
He ruled his land with an iron hand,
Though his mind was weak and low.
He love to hunt the royal stag.
Around the royal wood,
But better by far he loved to sit,
And pound the royal pud.

**Chorus :** He was lousy and dirty and covered in fleas,
The hair on his balls hung down to his knees,
God bless the Bastard King of England.

Now the Queen of Spain was an amorous Jane,
And a sprightly wench was she,
She longed to fool with the royal tool,
From far across the sea.
So she sent a royal message,
With a royal messenger,
To invite the King of England down,
To spend the night with her.

**Chorus**

Now Ol' Philip of France he heard by chance,
Within his royal court,
And he swore, "She loves my rival best,
Because my tool is short."
To give the Queen a dose of clap,
To pass it on to the Bastard King of England.

**Chorus**

When news of this foul deed was heard,
Within the royal halls,
The King he swore by the royal whore,
He'd have the Frenchman's balls.
He offered half the royal purse,

And a piece of the Queen Hortense.
To any British subject,
Who would do the King of France.

**Chorus**

So the noble Duke of Middlesex,
He took himself to France,
He swore he was a fairy,
So the King let drop his pants,
Then on Philip's dong the slipped a thong,
Leaped on his horse and galloped along,
Dragging the Frenchman back to merry old England.

**Chorus**

When they returned to London town,
Within fair England's shores,
Because of the ride King Philip's pride,
Was streched a yard or more.
And all the whores in silken drawers,
Came down to London town,
And shouted round the battlements,
"To Hell with the British crown."

And Philip alone usurped the throne,
His scepter was his royal bone,
With which he ditched the Bastard King of England.

Rule Britannia, marmalade and jam,
Five Chinese crackers up you arsehole,
Bang, bang, bang, bang, bang.

## 64 THE CHANDLER'S SHOP

A boy went into a chandler's shop, some candles for to buy,
But when he got to the chandler's shop, no chandler did he spy,
he loudly knocked, he loudly cried, enough to wake the dead,
But all he heard was a rat-a-tat-tat, right above his head,

Now he was a very inquisitive youth, so up the stairs he went,
And he was very surprised to find the chandler's wife in bed,
For she was lying upon back with a man between her thighs,
And they were having a rat-a-tat-tat, right before his eyes.

And when the deed was over, the wife she raised her head,
And she was very surprised to find the boy beside the bed,
"Now if you can keep my secret, boy, to you I will be kind,
And you can have a rat-a-tat-tat, whenever you feel inclined.

## 65 COW KICKED NELLY

**Chorus :** Oh the cow kicked Nelly in the belly last night (3x)
But the farmer says she'll be alright

**leader :** Second verse, same as the first a little bit louder
and a little bit worse

**Chorus :**

**Leader :** third verse same as the first etc.
this goes on until the tenth verse, each verse sung
faster and louder than the former verses.

## 66 THE CUCKOO

The cuckoo is a funny bird,
Who sits in the grass,
With his wings neatly folded,
And his beak up his ass.
In this strange position,
He can only say, "Twit",
'Cause it's hard to say, "Cuckoo",
With a beak full of shit.

## 67 THE DOGGIES' MEETING

The doggies held a meeting,
They came from near and far,
Some came by motor-cycle,
And some by motorcar.

Each doggie passed the entrance.
Each doggie signed the book,
Each doggie hung his asshole,
Upon his very own hook.

One dog was not invited,
Imagine his great ire,
He ran into the meeting room,
And promptly shouted, "FIRE !"

It threw them in confusion,
Without a second look,
Each doggie grabbed an asshole,
From off another's hook.

And that's the reason why sir,
On land or sea or foam,
And that's the reason why sir,
Wherever doggies roam.

And that's the reason why sir,
A dog will leave his bone,
And sniff another's asshole,
To see if it's his own.

## 68 THE DYING HARLOT

**Version I :**

Oh, a strapping young harlot lay dying,
A pisspot supporting her head,
And all the young bludgers were 'round her,
As she leaned on her left tit and said,

"I've been stuffed by the Dutchies and Negroes,
I've been stuffed by the Spaniards so tall,
I've been stuffed by the English and Irish,
In fact, I've been fucked by them all.
So wrap me up in foreskins and Frenchies,
And bury me deep down below,
Where all those young bludgers can't catch me,
The place where all good harlots go."

**Version II :**

A dirty old harlot lay dying,
A pisspot supporting her bead,
All around her the buldgers were crying,
As she lean't on her left tit and said,

"I've been fucked by the French and the English,
The Germans, the Japs, and the Jews,
And now I've come back to Australia,
To be buggered by bastards like you.
So haul back you fifthy old foreskins
And give me the pride of your nuts,"
So they hauled back their filthy old foreskins,
And played Home Sweet Home on her guts.

**Version III :**

The dirty old harlot lay dying,
A cunt-rag supported her head,
The blowfies around her were buzzing,
As she turned on her left tit and said,

"I've been fucked by the army and navy,
By a bull-fighting toreador,
By Abos, and dingos, and Dagos,
But never by blowfies before.

## 69 THE ENGINEER'S DREAM

An engineer told me before he died,
Ah-hum, titty-bum, titty-bum, titty-bum,
An engineer told me before he died,
Ah-hum, ah-hum,
An engineer told me before he died,

I have no reason the believe he lied,
Ah-hum, titty-bum, titty-bum, titty-bum,
Ah-hum, titty-bum, titty-bum, titty-bum,

He had wife with a cunt so wide,
Ah-hum, .................................... etc.
He had a wife with a cunt so wide,
Ah-hum, .................................... etc.
He had a wife with a cunt so wide,
That she could never be satisfied,
Ah-hum, .................................... etc.

So he built a bloody great wheel, (three times)
Two balls of brass and prick of steel.

The balls of brass he filled with cream, (three times)
And the whole fucking issue was driven by steam.

He tied her to the log of the bed, (three times)
Tied her hands above her head.

There she lay demanding a fuck, (three times)
He shook her hand and wished her luck.

Round and round went the bloody great wheel, (three time)
In and out went the prick of steel.

Up and up went the level of steam, (three times)
Down and down went the level of cream,

'Till at last the maiden cried, (three times)
"Enough, enough, I'm satisfied."

Now we come to the tragic bit, (three times)
There was no way of stopping it.

She was split from ass to tit, (three times)
And the whole fucking issue was covered in ...........
Sweet violets, sweeter than the roses,
Covered all over from head to toe,
Covered all over in SHIT!, SHIT!, SHIT!

## 70 THE GIRL FROM BALTIMORE

Oh she went to the church just to play for the people,
But The skunk from her cunt knocked the cross of the steeple..........

**Chorus :** She's a dirty mother fucker,
She's a rotten whore,
She's the girl from Baltimore.

What did the drunk say ?
Boom titty-boom titty-boom titty-boom,
Titty-boom, titty-boom titty-boom titty-boom,

She's a dirty mother fucker,
She's a rotten whore,
She's the girl from Baltimore.

Oh she went to the well just to make a wish,
But the skunk from her cunt knocked off all the fish.........

Oh she went for a ride on her motorcycle,
But the skunk from her cunt knocked the chain off the cycle.........

She visited Jakarta on a medical trip
But the..........just continued to drip

She laid a Wednesday run just for a caper
Using the..........instead of using paper.

She laid it round a..........late one afternoon
But the..........knocked the star off the moon

She took a short cut just to get back quicker
But the..........made the shiggy thicker

She led them down a cliff just to test their reaction
But the..........made them lose all their traction

They made her sing a song at the end of the day
But the..........made the circle go away

At last she was a leaver and we gave her a mug
But the..........was enough to fill a jug

## 71 THE GOOD SHIP VENUS

T'was on the good ship Venus,
By Christ you should have seen us,
The figurehead was a whore in bed,
And the mast was the Captain's penis.

**Chorus :** Frigging on the rigging,
Wanking on the planking,
Masturbating on the grating,
There's fuck all else to do.

The Captain's wife was Mabel,
Whenever she was able,
She gave the crew their daily screw,
Upon the galley table.

The cabin boy's name was Kipper,
A cunning little nipper,
He lined his ass with broken glass,
And circumcised the skipper.

The ladies of the nation,
Arose in indignation,
They stuffed his bum with chewing gum,
A smart retaliation.

The ship's dog's name was Rover,
We fairly bowled him over,
(The whole crew did him over)
We ground and ground that faithful hound,
From Singapore to Dover.

The First Mate's name was Hopper,
By Christ he had a whopper,
Twice round his neck, once round the deck,
And up his ass for a stopper.

The Captain's randy daughter,
She fell into the water,
Delighted squeals revealed that eels,
Had found her sexual quarter.

T'was on the China Staion,
To roars of approbation,
We sunk a Junk with a load of spunk,
By mutual masturbation.

The Second Mate's name was Carter,
By God he was a farter,
When the wind wouldn't blow and the ship wouldn't go,
We'd get Carter the farter to start her.

The cook whose name was Freeman,
He was a dirty demon,
He served the crew with menstrual stew,
And foreskins fried in semen.

The Captain of that lugger,
By Christ he was a bugger,
He wasn't fit to shovel shit,
From one ship to another.

The Third Mate's name was Wiggun,
By God he had a big 'un,
We bashed that cock with a lump of rock,
For friggin' in the riggin.

The Stewardess was Dinah,
She sprung to pump poor Dinah's rump,
To empty her vagina.

The next Mate's name was Andy,
By God that man was randy,
We boiled his bum in red-hot rum,

For coming in the brandy.

The Fourth Mate's name was Morgan,
A homosexual Gorgon,
A dozen crows-in rows-could pose.
Upon his sexual organ.

On the trip to Buenos Aires,
We rogered all the fairies,
We got the syph at Tenneriffe,
And a dose of clap in the Canaries.

Another cook was O'Malley,
He didn't dilly dally,

He shot his bolt with a hell of a jolt,
And whitewashed half the galley.

The Captain was elated,
The crew investigated,
They found some sand in his prostate gland,
He had to be castrated.

Another Mate's name was Paul,
He only had one ball,
But with that cracker he'd roll terbaccer,
Around the cabin wall.

The Boatswain's name was Lester,
He was a hymen tester,
Through hymens thick he'd shove his prick,
And leave it there to fester.

The engineer was Mc Tavish,
And yound girls he did ravish,
His missing tool's at Istambul,
He was a trifle lavish.

A homo was the Purser,
He couldn't have been worser,
With all the crew he had a screw,
Until they yelled, "Oh no sir."

T'Was in the Adriatic,
Where the water's almost static,
The rise and fall of arse and ball,
Was almost automatic.

The ship's cat's name was Hippy.
His hole was black and shitty,
But shit or not it had a twat,
The Captain showed no pity.

So now we end this serial,
Throught sheer lack of material,
We wish you luck and freedom from
Diseases venereal.

## 72 THE HARLOT OF JERUSALEM

In days of old there lived a maid,
She was mistress of her trade,
A prostitute of high repute,
The harlot of Jerusalem.

**Chorus :** Hi ho Cathusalem,
Cathusalem, Cathusalem,
Hi ho Cathusalem,
The harlot of Jerusalem.

And though she fucked for many a year,
Or pregnancy she had no fear,
She washed her passage out with beer,
The best in all Jerusalem.

Now in a hovel by the wall,
A student lived with but one ball,
Who'd been through all, or nearly all,
The harlots of Jerusalem.

His phallic art was lean and tall,
His phallic art caused all to fall,
And victims lined the wailing wall,
That goes around Jerusalem.

One night returning from a spree,
With customary whore-lust he,
Made up his mind to call and see,
The harlot of Jerusalem.

It was for her no fortune good,
That he should need to root his pud,
And choose her out of all the brood,
Of harlots of Jerusalem.

For though he paid his women well,
This syphilitic spawn of hell,
Struck down each year and tolled the bell,
For ten harlots of Jerusalem.

Forth from the town he took the slut,
For 'twas his whim always to rut,
By the Salvation Army hut,
Outside of Old Jerusalem.

With artful eye and leering look,
He took out from its filthy nook,
His penis twisted like a crook,
The Pride of Old Jerusalem.

He leaned the whore against the slum,
And tied her at the knee and bum,
Knowing where the strain would come,
Upon the fair Cathusalem.

He seized the harlot by the bum,
And rattling like a Lewis gun,
He sowed the seed of many a son,
Into the fair Cathusalem.

It was a sight to make you sick,
The hear him grunt so fast and quick,
While randing with his crooked prick,
The womb of fair Cathusalem.

Then up there came an Onante,
With warty prick besmeared with shite,
He'd sworn that he would goal that night,
The harlot of Jerusalem.

He loathed the art of copulation,
For his delight was masturbation,

And with a spurt of cruel elation,
He saw the whore Cathusalem.

So when he saw the grunting pair,
With roars of rage he rent the air,
And vowed that he would soon take care,
Of the harlot of Jerusalem.

Upon the earth he found a stick,
To which he fastened half a brick,
An took a swipe at the mighty prick,
Of the student of Jerusalem.

He seized the bastard by his crook,
Without a single furious look,
And flung him over Kedrun's brook,
That babbles past Jerusalem

Ths student gave a furious roar,
And rushed to even up the score,
And with his swolen prick did bore,
And with his swolen prick did bore,
The cunt of fair Cathusalem.

And reeling full of rage and fight,
He pushed the bastard Onanite,
And rubbed his face in Cathy's shite,
The foulest in Jerusalem.

Cathusalem she knew her part,
She closed her cunt and blew a fart,
That sent him flying like a dart
Right over Old Jerusalem.

And buzzing like a bumble bee,
He flew straight our towards the sea,
But caught his arsehole in a tree;
That grows in old Jerusalem.

And to this day you still can see,
His arsehole hanging from that tree,
Let that to you a warning be,
When passing through Jerusalem.

And when the moon is bright and red,
A castrated form sails overhead,
Still raining curses on the head,
Of the harlot of Jerusalem.

As for the student and his lass,
Many a playful night did pass,
Until she joined the V.D. class,
For harlots of Jerusalem.

**A shorter version**

In day of old there lived a maid.
Who used to do a roaring trade,
A prostitute of ill repute,
The harlot of Jerusalem.

She lived within the palace walls,
And round the walls were hung the balls,
Of every coot who'd tried to root,
The harlot of Jerusalem.

Nearby there lived an Arab tall,
Who with his prick could move a wall,
It was the pride of nearly all
The harlots of Jerusalem.

One night returning from a spree,
He saw her there beneath a tree,
And vowed that very night that he,
Would lay her in Jerusalem.

He took her to a shady nook,
And from his open fly he took,
A penis like a butcher's hook,
The finest in Jerusalem.

He laid her down upon her back,
And tried to shove it up her crack,
But had no luck in trying to fuck,
The harlot of Jerusalem.

Cathusalem she gave a grunt,
And with a snap she shut her cunt,
And threw him high into the sky,
Far beyond Jerusalem.

Away he flew across the sea,
Across the Sea of Galilee,
And caught his bollocks in a tree,
Three leagues beyond Jerusalem.

And there he hangs unto this day,
And seen by all who pass the way,
The silly ape that tried to rape,
The harlot of Jerusalem.

## 73 THE MAYOR OF BAYSWATER'S DAUGHTER

The Mayor of Bayswater,
He had a pretty daughter,
and the hairs on her dicky-di-doo,
Hang down to her knees.

**Chorus :** And the hairs,
And the hairs,
And the hairs on her dicky-di-doo,
Hang down to her knees,
One black one, one white one,
And one with a little shite on,
And the hairs on her dicky-di-doo,
Hand down to her kness.

I've smelt it, I've felt it,
It's just like a piece of velvet,
And the hairs ........................ etc.

I've seen it, I've seen it,
I've lain right in between it,
And the hairs ........................ etc.

She came from Glamorgan,
With a cunt like a barrel organ,
And the hairs ........................ etc.

She slept with a demon,
Who washed her with semen,
And the hairs ........................ etc.

If she were my daughter,
I'd have them cut shorter,
And the hairs ........................ etc.

She lived on a mountain,
And fucked like a bloody fountain,
And the hairs ........................ etc.

She stayed on a cattle ranch,
And came like a bloody avalanche,
And the hairs ........................ etc.

She says she is not a whore,
But she bangs like a shit-house door,
And the hairs ........................ etc.

She lived on malted milkshake,
And rooted like a bloody rattlesnake,
And the hairs ........................ etc.

She married an Italian,
With balls like fucking stallion,
And the hairs ........................ etc.

She married a Spaniard,
With a prick like a bloody lanyard,
And the hairs ........................ etc.

She went with a Hash House Harrier,
Who fucked her but wouldn't marry her,
And the hairs ........................ etc.

I've stroked them, I've poked them,
I've even rolled them up and smoked them,
And the hairs ........................ etc.

You need a coal miner,
To find her vagina,
And the hairs ........................ etc.

She sit on the waterfront,
With the waves lapping up and down her cunt,
And the hairs ........................ etc.

I've licked it, I've kissed it,
It tastes like a chocolsate biscuit,
And the hairs ........................ etc.

You can drive a Mini Minor,
Right up her vagina
And the hairs ........................ etc.

## 74 THE OLD BROWN COW

The old brown cow went pffftz against the wall,
The old brown cow went pffftz against the wall,
The old brown cow went pffftz against the wall,
And the wall was covered in SHIT ! SHIT ! SHIT !

## 75 THE RAJAH OF ASTRAKHAN

There was Rajah of Astrakhan,
Yo ho, yo ho,
A most licentious fucking man,
Yo ho, yo ho,
Of wives he had a hundred and nine,
Including his favorite concubine,
Yo ho you buggers, yo ho you buggers,
Yo ho, yo ho, yo ho.

One day when he had a hell of stand,
He called to a warrior, one of his band,
"Go down me my favorite concubine."

The warrior fetched the concubine,
A figure like Venus, a face divine,
The Fajah gave a significant grunt,
And rammed his penis up her cunt.

The Rajah's cries were loud and long,
The maiden's cries were sure and strong,
But just when all had come to a head,
They both fell through the fucking bed.

They hit the floor with a hell of a grunt,
Which completely buggered the poor girl's cunt,
And as for the Rajah's magnificient cock,
It never recovered from the shock.

There is a moral to this tale,
There is a moral to this tale,
If you would fuck a girl at all,
Stand her right up against the wall.

## 76 THE RINGADANGDOO

THE RINGADANGDOO, PRAY WHAT IS THAT?
IT'S FURRY AND SOFT, LIKE A PUSSY-CAT ;
IT'S GOT A CRACK DOWN THE MIDDLE,
AND A HOLE RIGHT THROUGH,
THAT'S WHAT THEY CALL 'THE
RINGADANGDOO.'

I once knew a girl, her name was Jean,
The sweetest girl I'd ever seen.
She loved a boy, who was straight and true
Who longed to play on her Ringadangdoo.

**Chorus**

So she took him to her father's house,
And crept inside as quiet as a mouse,
And they shut the door and the window too
And he played all night on her Ringadangdoo.

**Chorus**

The very next day her father said,
'You've gone and lost your maidenhead!
You can pack your bags and suitcase too,
And bugger off with your Ringadangdoo!'

**Chorus**

So she went to town and became a whore
And hung a red light outside her door ;
And one by one and two by two
They came to play on her Ringadangdoo.

**Chorus**

There came to that town a son of a bitch
Who had the pox and the seven-year-itch ;
He had gonorrhea and syphilis too—
So that was the end of her Ringadangdoo.

**Chorus**

## THE ROAD GUNDAGAI

There's a crack winding back
From her belly to her back
On the road to Gundagai ;
There's a yank there beside her,
You bet your balls he'll ride her,
Beneath the starry sky ;
With a frenchie on his big prick,
He'll ride her with ease,
As he scratches up the gravel
With both of his knees ;
Though the time will come to pass
When he'll whop it up her arse
On the road to Gundagai.

## 78 THE SEXUAL LIFE OF THE CAMEL

The sexual life of t camel,
Is stranger than anyone thinks,
At the height of the mating season,
It tries to bugger the Sphinx.
But the Sphinx's posterior orifice,
Is blocked by the sands of the Nile,
Which accounts for the hump on the camel,
And the Sphinx's inscrutable smile.

**Chorus :** Singing, bum-titty, bum-titty, titty-bum,
Bum-titty, bum-titty, aye.
Singing, bum-titty, bum-titty, titty- bum,
Bum-titty, bum-titty, aye.

The sexual life of the ostrich,
Is hard to understand,
At the height of the mating season,
It buries its head in the sand,
And if another ostrich finds it,
Standing there with its ass in the air,
Does it have the urge to grind it,
Or doesn't it bloody well care.

In the process of civilization,
From anthropoid ape down to man,
It is generally held that the navy,

Has buggered whatever it can.
Yet recent extensive researches,
By Darwin and Huxley and Hall,
Have conclusively proved that the hedgehog,
Cannot be buggered at all.

We therefore believe our conclusion,
Is incontrovertibly shown,
That comparative safety on shipboard,
Is enjoyed by the hedgehog alone.
Why haven't the done it at Spithead,
As they have at Harvard and Yale.

And also a Oxford and Cambridge,
By shaving the spines off the tail
It was Christmas Eve in the harem,
The eunuchs all standing there,
A hundred dusky maidens,
Combing their pubic hair.
When along came Father Christmas,
Striding down the marble halls,
When he asked what they wanted for Christmas,
The eunuchs all answered, "Balls!"

Oh, the old men were having a birthday,
Standing at the bar,
Thinking about the old times,
Thinking back so far.
When along came a dusky maiden,
By Christ she was so fair,
When she asked what they'd like for their birthday,
The old men all shouted, "Hair!"

My name is Cecil,
I come from Leicester Square,
I wear open-toed sandles,
And a rosebud in my hair ............
For we're all queers together,
Excuse us while we go upstairs,
For we're all queers together,
That's why we go out in pairs.

My name is Basil.
My friend's name is Bond,
When we go out together,
They call us Basilden Bond ......
For we're all queers together,
Excuse us while we go upstairs,
For we're all queers together,
That's why we go out in pairs.

I went for a ride on a 'Puff Puff',
I found I had to stand,
A little boy offered me his seat,
So I went for it with my hand .........
For we're all queers together,
Excuse us while we go upstairs,
For we're all queer together,
That's why we go out in pairs.

## 79 THE THREE JEWS FROM JERUSALEM

There were three Jews from Jerusalem,
There were three Jews from Jerusalem,
Jerry, jerry, jerry, RU SA LEM!
Jerry, jerry, jerry, RU SA LEM!
There were three Jews from Jerusalem.

The first Jew's name was Issac, (two times)
Isy, isy, isy, SUCK SUCK SUCK! (two times)
There were three Jews from Jerusalem.

The second Jew's name was Abraham, (two times)
Abry, abry, abry, RAM RAM RAM! (two times)
There were .................. etc.

They had a friend named Joseph, (two times)
Josy, osy, osy, SIPH SIPH SIPH! (two times)
There were .................. etc.

And another friend named Jehosephat, (two times)
Jehosy, osy, osy, FART FART FART! (two times)
There were .................. etc.

They went for a ride in a charabanc (two times)
Chara, chara, chara, BANG BANG BANG! (two times)
There were .................. etc.

There was a mighty thunderclap, (two times)
Thunder, thunder, thunder, CLAP CLAP CLAP! (two times)
There were .................. etc.

They all fel over a precipice, (two times)
Preci, preci, preci, PISS PISS PISS! (two times)
There were .................. etc.

They took them off to the hospital, (two times)
Hosy, osy, osy, PIDDLE PIDDLE PIDDLE! (two times)
There were .................. etc.

Otherwise known as the rumah sakit, (two times)
Rumah, rumah rumah, SUCKIT SUCKIT SUCKIT! (two times)
There were .................. etc.

But there were no beds vacant, (two times)
Vacy, vacy, vacy, CUNT CUNT CUTN! (two tiems)
There were .................. etc.

The doctor came from Norfolk, (two times)
Norry, ory, ory, FUCK FUCK FUCK! (two times)
There were .................. etc.

The nurse she gave them arsenic, (two times)
Arsy, arsy arsy, NIC NIC NIC! (two time)
There were .................. etc.

And this is where we finish it, (two times)
Fini, fini, fini, SHIT SHIT SHIT! (two times)
There were .................. etc.

## 80 THE TINKER (GHOST RIDERS IN THE SKY)

The lady of the manor,
Was dressing for the ball,
When she spied a tinker,
Pissing up against the wall.

**Chorus:** With his bloody great kidney wiper.
And half a yard of foreskin,
Hanging down below his knee.

Hanging low, swinging free,
And half a yard of foreskin,
Hanging down below his knee.

The lady wrote a letter,
And in it she did say,
"I'd rather be fucked by you, sir,
Than his lordship and day"

**Chorus**

The tinker got the letter,
And when it he die read,
His balls began to fester,
And his prick began to bleed,

**Chorus**

He mounted on his donkey,
And he hode up to the Strand,
His balls across his shoulder,
And his penis in his hand.

**Chorus**

He fucked the cook in the kitchen,
He fucked the maid in the hall,
And then he fucked the butler,
The distiest trick of all.

**Chorus**

And then he fucked the mistress,
In ten minutes she as dead,
With half a yard of foreskin,
Hanging round about her head.

**Chorus**

The tinker now is dead, sir,
And they say he's gone to Hell,
And there he fucks the Devil,
And I hope he fucks him well.

**Chorus**

## 81 THE TRAVELLER

I came home on Saturday night.
As drunk as I could be,
And there was a hat upon the rack,
Where my hat ought to be.
So I said to my wife, the curse of my life,
"Explain this thing to me,
Whose is that hat upon the rack,
Where my hat ought to be."

"Oh, you're drunk you fool,
You silly old fool,
You're drunk as a cunt can be,
That's not a hat upon the rack,
But a chamberpot you see."

Well, I've travelled this wide world over,
Ten thousand miles or more,
But a jerry with a hatband on,
I never saw before.

I came home on Saturday night,
As drunk as I could be,
And there was a horse in the stable,
Where my horse ought to be.
So I said to my wife ,the curse of my life,
"Explain this thing to me,
Whose is this horse in the stable,
Where my horse ought to be."

"Oh, you're drunk you fool,
You silly old fool,
You're drunk as a cunt can be,
That's not a horse in the stable,
But a milch cow you can see."

Well, I've travelled this wide world over,
Ten thousand miles or more,
But a milch cow with a saddle on,
I never saw before.

I came home on Saturday night,
As drunk as I could be,
And there were some boots besides the bed,
Where my boots ought to be.
So I said to my wife, the curse of my life,
"Explain this thing to me,
Whose are these boots beside the bed,
Where my boots ought to be."

"Oh, you're drunk you fool,
You silly old fool,
You're drunk as a cunt can be,
Those aren't boots beside the bed,
But some slippers you can see."

Well, I've travelled this wide world over,
Ten tousand miles or more,
But a pair o' slippers with black feet in,
I never saw before.

I came home on Saturday night,
As drunk as I could be,
And there were some breeks beside the bed,
Where my breeks ought to be.
So I said to my wife, the curse of my life,
"Explain this thing to me,
Whose are those breeks a-lying there,
Where my breeks ought to be."

"Oh, you're drunk you fool,
You silly old fool,
You're drunk as a cunt can be,
Those aren't a pair of breeches,
But a polishing cloth you see."

Well, I've travelled this wide world over,
Ten thousand miles or more,
But a polishing cloth with buttons on,
I never saw before.

I came home on Saturday night,
As drunk as I could be,
And there was a head on the pillow,
Where my head ought to be.
So I said to my wife, the curse of my life,
"Explain this thing to me,
Whose is this head a-lying there,
Where myhead ought to be."

"Oh, you're drunk you fool,
You silly old fool,
You're drunk as a cunt can be,
That's not a head on the pillow,
But a football you can see."

Well, I've travelled this wide world over,
Ten thousand miles or more,
But a football with a moustache on,
I never saw before.

I came home on Saturday night,
As drunk as I could be,
And there was a cock inside my bed,
Where my cock ought to be,
So I said to my wife, the curse of my life,
"Explain this thing to me,
Whose is this cock a-standing there,
Where my cock ought to be."

"Oh, you're drunk you fool,
You silly old fool,
You're drunk as a cunt can be,
That's not a cock a-standing there,
But a carrot that you see,"

Well, I've traveled this wide world over,
Ten thousand miles or more,
But a carrot with bollocks on,
I never saw before.

I came home on Saturday night,
As drunk as I could be,
And there was a stain on the counterpane,
And it didn't come from me.
So I said to my wife, the curse of my life,
"Explain this thing to me,
"Whose is this stain on the counterpane,
Which didn't come from me."

"Oh, you're drunk you fool,
You silly old fool,
You're drunk as a cunt can be,
That's not a stain on the counterpane,
But some baby's milk you see."

Well, I've travelled this wide world over,
Ten thousand miles or more,
But baby's milk that smelt like cum,
I never saw before.

"Oh, you're drunk you fool,
You silly old fool,
You're silly old fool,
You're drunk as a cunt can be,

I ain't your wife this ain't your house,
You're not living at all with me."

Well, I've travelled this wide world over,
Ten thousand miles or more,
It's the fifth time that I've stuffed this bird,
She ain't never complained before.

## 82 THE VICAR IN THE DOCKSIDE CHURCH

The Vicar in the dockside church,
One Sunday morning said,
"Some dirty bastard's shat himself,
I'll punch his fucking head."
Well up jumped Jock from the third row back,
And he spat a mighty go-o-ob.
I'm the one who shat himself,
You can chew my fucking kno-o-ob,
You can chew my fucking knob."

The organist played 'Hearts of Oak',
Mixed up with 'Auld Laung Syne'
The preacher then got up and said,
"You've had your fucking time."
The organist waltzed down the aisle,
With his organ on his back,
Then up jumped Jock and hollered out,
(And the Vicar from his pulpit cried)
"You can waltz that bastard ba-a-ack,
You can waltz that bastard back,

Sweet Jenny Lynd got up to sing,
She warbled like a thrush,
The Vicar from his pulpit said,
"By God you're fucking lush."

"That's right," said she, "but I'm not for free,
It's thirty bob a ti-i-ime."
Then up jumped Jock and hollered out,
(And the Vicar from his pulpit cried)
"Hands off you bastards she's mi-i-ine,
Hands off you bastards she's mine."

## 83 THE WILD WEST SHOW

**Chorus :** We're off to see the Wild West Show,
The elephant and kangaroo-o-o-o,
Never mind the weather as long as we're together,
We're off to see the Wild West Show.

Now here ladies and gentlemen, in the first cage we have the laughing hyena.

**Response :** THE LAUGHING HYENA! FANTASTIC! INCREDIBLE! WHAT THE FUCK IS A LAUGHING HYENA? TELL US ABOUT IT!

This animal lives down in the mountains and once every year he comes down to eat. Once every two years he comes down to drink, and once every three years he comes down for sexual intercourse. What the fucking hell he has to laugh about I don't know.

The Giraffe - This creature is the most popular animal in the animal kingdom. Why? Well, every time he goes into a bar he says, "Gentlemen, the high-balls are on me".

The Orangutang- This animal lives in the deepest jungle, and as he procedes from branch to branch, swinging through the forest, his balls go URANG-U-TANG, URANG-U-TANG.

Oster-reich – This animal at the first sign of danger buries its head in the sand and whistles through the 'hole of the afternoon.

Rhino-sauras – This animal, ladies and gentlemen, is reputed to be the richest in the world. Its name is derived from Latin – rhino meaning money, and 'sore ass' meaning piles; hence, piles of money.

Keerie Bire – This bird lives in the Antractic, and every time it lands on the ice it says, "Keerie, keerie, keer-ist it's cold.

Leo-pard – Yes folks, the leopard has one spot on its coat for everyday of the year. What about leap year? "George, lift up the leopard'ws tail,"

Winky Wanky Bird – By some strange happening ,the nervous system of this bird's eyelids is connected to its foreskin. Every time it winks it wants, and every time it wanks it winks. "Hey, you boy, stop throwing sand in the bird's eyes."

Elephant – The elephant has an enormous appetite. In one day it eats two tons of hay, one dozen bunches of bananas, and twenty buckets of rice. "Madam, please do't stand too near the elephant's backside......maam......MADAM! Too late, George, dig her out."

Oozle Woozle Bird – These birds fly in a line ahead formation and, at the first sign of danger, the last bird flies up the asshole of the bird in front, and so on up the line. The remaining bird then flies around in ever decreasing circles, finally disappearing up its own orifice from which position it procedes to shower shit and derision in all directions.

The Triangular – Folks, this animal has a triangular orifice. Hence the pyramids and the YWCA.

Gayzelle – This is the pretty little four-footed animal you see on your right, ladies and gentlemen, wot has the peculiarity that every time it leaps from rock to rock it farts, and the scientists are still trying to discover whether it farts because it leaps or whether it leaps because it farts.

The well-known Oooh-me-goodlie Bird – this bird, wot as you will observe if you look carefully at it, has no legs, and is called what is, ladies and gentlemen, because when the male of the species comes in to land, you can hear him cry, "Oooh me goolies! Oooh me goolies!"

Plumb Line Bird – This bird spends most of his time high above the world's oceans, circling in the breezes until it spies what it is after. Immediately it folds its wings, dives toward the sea and gathers an ever-increasing momentum until it reaches terminal velocity. At that precise moment it hits the surface of the sea but continues on diving straight down, now with decreasing momentum until ,it it has got the timing right, it comes to a stop just behind a sardine which has just farted, whereupon it grabs the bubbles for use in spirit levels.

Famous Oooh-Aaah-Bird – The male of this species, ladies and gentlemen resides at the North Pole and the female which lives at the South Pole; and, at the appointed season ,the male Oooh-Aaah bird flies south from the North Pole and the female Oooh-Aaah Bird flies north from the South Pole until comes the time when they meet at the Equator when you can then hear them go,
"OOOOOOOHHHH AAAAAAAAHHHH!"

Tri-Angular Iceberg – This is an uncommon sight ,ladies and gentlemen, because on one side you will see an Indonesian keeping a private school, on the second side you will see an American keeping a private school, while on the third side you will observe a male polar bear sliding up and down, up and down keeping his private school.

The Homosexual Sparrow – This bid is so-called, ladies and gentlemen, because some times it flies backward for a lark.

The famous Fuckar-wde Tribe – This tribe, as you will see ladies and gentlemen, is composed of people of small stature - yes sir, short arses, quite right, sir - wot live in the middle of Africa, where the grass grows to an incredible height of 18 feet or more, and all day long the members of this tribe wander through the tall crying. "Where the fuck are we? Where the fuck are we?"

The Fight Between the Snake and the Ostrich – (Please note that this one is only limited by one's imagination, the patience of the audience, and the ability of one's vocal chords to withstand strain. So far the Guiness Book of Record doesn't list the length of the longest known version but 15 minutes would be considered normal. What follows are the barest details only, embelish them as you will).

In the left-hand corner, ladies and gentlemen, stands the ostrich (to be followed by a brief life history of the contestant, fight record. size of jock strap, etc., etc.), while in the right-hand corner (ditto above) stands the snake. And there, ladies and gentlemen. goes the bell for the first round. (Following is a description of the battle. This round, and each subsequent round should take at least five minutes of fast talking), until finally the snake dives into the ostrich's mouth, wriggles swiftly through its stomach, and comes out of its arsehole. Because of this manoeuvre, the first round goes to the snake (Applause, etc., etc.). (Descriptions of subsequent rounds are mainly variations of the first with the snake winning each by the same stratagem. This continues until the final round where the story-tellers art is eliminated at the end of the round when the snake dives into the ostrich's mouth, wriggles swiftly through its stomach, and is **about** to emerge when the ostrich shoves its beak up its arsehole and say, "Now loop-the loop you bastard!"

## 84 THE WOODPECKER'S SONG

(To the tune of : "Dixie")

I put my finger in the woodpecker's hole,
And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul,
Take it out, take it out, take it out,
REMOVE IT."

So, I removed my finger from the woodpecker's hole,
And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul,
Put it back, put it back, put it back,
REPLACE IT."

So, I replaced my finger in the woodpecker's hole,
And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul,
Turn it round, turn it round, turn it round,
REVOLVE IT."

So, I revolved my finger in the woodpecker's hole,
And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul,
Turn it back, turn it back, turn it back,
REVERSE IT."

So, I reversed my finger in the woodpecker's hole,
And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul,
Once again, once again, once again,
REPEAT IT."

So, I repeated my finger in the woodpecker's hole,
And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul,
Slow it down, slow it down, slow it down,
RETARD IT."

So, I retarded my finger in the woodpecker's hole,
And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul,
Let it go, let it go, let it go,
RELEASE IT."

So, I released my finger in the woodpecker's hole,
And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul,
Pull it out, pull it out, pull it out,
RETRACT IT."

So, I retracted my finger from the woodpecker's hole,
And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul,
Take a wiff, take a wiff, take a wiff,
REVOLTING."

## 85 THERE WAS AN OLD FARMER

There was an old farmer who sat on a rock,
Shaking and waving his big hairy ..............
First at the ladies next door at the Ritz,
Who taught the young children to play with their ..............
Kite strings and marbles and all things galore,
Along came a lady who looked like a ..............
Decent young lady, but walked like a duck,
She thought she'd invented a new way to ..............
Bring up the children, to sew and to knit,
The boys in the stable were shoveling ..............
Litter and paper from yesterday's hunt,

And old farmer Potter was having some ..............
Cake in the stables and singing this song,
If you think that's dirty, you're FUCKING WELL WRONG!

**Chorus :** Sweet violets, sweeter than the roses,
Covered all over form head to toe,
Covered all over in SHIT!, SHIT!, SHIT!

(And a clean version :)
There once was a farmer who took young miss,
To the back of the barn where he gave her a ..............
Lecture on horses and chickens and eggs,
And told her that she had such beautiful ..............

Manners that suited a girl of hte charms,
A girl that he wanted to take in his ..............
Washing and ironing, and then if she did,
They could get married and raise lots of ..............
Sweet violets, .................................. etc.

(And a clean version :)

Suzanne was a lady with plenty of class,
Who knocked the boys dead when she wiggled her ..............
Eyes at the fellows as girls sometimes do,
To make it quited plain that she wanted to ..............
Go for a walk or a stroll through the grass,
And hurry back home for a nice piece of ..............
Ice cream and cake and piece of roast duck,
And after this meal she was ready to ..............
Go for a walk or a stroll on the dock,
With any young man with a sizeable ..............
Roll of green bills and pretty good front,
And if he spoke softly she'd show him her ..............
Little pet dog who was subject to fits,
And maybe let him grab ahold of her ..............
Little white hand with a movement so quick,
And then she'd lean over and tickle his ..............
Chin while she showed what she once learned in France,
And ask the poor fellow to take off his ..............
Coat while she sang of the Mandalay Shores,
For whatever she was Suzanne was no WHORE!

## 86 THERE WAS AN OLD LADY

There was an old lady who lived on our street,
She got constipated through too much to eat,
She took several pills on a Saturday night,
And soon she discovered she wanted to shite.

**Chorus :** Singing, brown, brown, glorious brown,
Brown, brown, shit falling down.
She took several pills on a Saturday night,
And soon she discovered she wanted to shite.

She went to her window and stuck out her ass,
But then a policeman just happened to pass,
He heard a loud noise and looked up in the sky,
And a bloody great turd hit him right in the eye.

**Chorus :** Singing, brown, brown, glorious brown, ........etc.
He heard a loud noise and looked up in the sky.
And a bloody great turd hit him right in the eye.

He looked to the North and he looked to the South,
And a bloody great lump hit him right in the mouth,
He looked to the East and he looked to the West,
And another great lump hit him straight on the chest.
**Chorus :** Singing, brown, brown, ............etc,
He looked to the East and he looked to the West
And another great lump hit him straight on the chest.

The next time you walk over Battersea Bridge,
Look out for a policeman asleep on the edge,

His chest bears a placard and on it is writ,
"Be kind to the policeman whoose blinded by shit".

**Chorus :** Singing, brown, brown,...........etc.
His chest bears a placard and on it is writ,
"Be kind to the policeman whoose blinded by shit".

## 87 THESE FOOLISH THINGS

A pair of boobies in a loose brassiere,
A cunt that twitches like a moose's ear,
A dirty rubber in my glass of beer,
These foolish things remind me of you.

A naked photograph of Liberace,
The smile you show when I say, "Such a hotche,"
Syphilitic scars that make your face so blotchy,
These foolish things remind me of you.

A running sore beside an open hole,
A Kotex floating in my toilet bowl,
A public hair on my breakfast roll,
These foolish things remind me of you.

Lipstick traces on an old French Letter,
A dose of 'you-know-what' that won't get better,
And when I piss it stings,
These foolish things remind me of you.

The dirty panties in the cracked washbasin,
The broken jerry that I washed my face in,
The bed with creaking springs,
These foolish things remind me of you.

When I awoke upon the morning after,
I saw your tits and pissed myself with laughter,
Oh, how the left one swings,
These foolish things remind me of you.

The birth control book with its well worn pages.
The contraceptive which comes off in stages,
Oh, how my foreskin stings,
These foolish thing remind me of you.

## 88 THREE GERMAN OFFICERS

Three German Officers crossed the Rhine,
Parlez vous?
Three German Officers crossed the Rhine,
Parlez vous?
Three German Officers crossed the Rhine,
Fucked the women and drank the wine,
Inky pinky parlez vous, lah, lah, lah ..........

They came upon a wayside inn, (three times)
Pissed on the mat and walked right in,
Inky pinky ..........etc.

"Oh landlord have you a daughter fair," (three time)
"With lily-white tits and golden hair,"

"Oh yes I have but she's too young" (three times)
"To sleep with a German stinking hun,"

"Oh Father dear I'm not too young," (three times)
"To sleep with a German stinking hun,

Up the rickety stairs they went, (three times)
Threw her down upon the bed,

They tied her to the leg of the bed, (three times)
Fucked her till she was nearly dead,

They took her down a shady lane, (three times)
Fucked her back to life again,

They fucked her up they fucked her down, (three times)
They fucked her right around the town,

They fucked her in they fucked her out, (three times)
They fucked her up the water-spout,

Seven months went and all was well, (three times)
Eight months went and she started to swell,

Nine months later she gave a grunt, (three times)
And a little white bastard popped out of her cunt,

The little white bastard grew and grew, (three times)
He fucked his mother and his sister too,

The little white bugger he went to Hell, (three times)
He fucked the Devil and his wife as well.

## 89 TOASTS

Here's to the gash that never heals,
The more you touch it the better it feels.
Rub it and tub it and scrub it like hell,
You'll never get rid of that fishy old smell.

Here's to the girl that lives on the hill,
If she won't do it her sister will.
'Here's to her sister!

Here's to the breezes
That blow throught the treeses
And lift the girls dresses
Way over their kneeses
And show us that old thing
That twitches and squeezes
Be Jesus!

Here's to the breezes,
That blow through the treeses,
And lift the chemises,
Above the girls' kneeses.
And show us the creases,
That oozes and squeezes,
And teases and pleases,
And carries diseases,
And pays the doctor's feeses,
Be Jesus!

Here's to the girl that I love best :
I love her best when she's undressed,
I fuck her sitting, standing, lying,
If she had wings, I'd fuck her flying
And when she's dead and long forgotten,
I'll dig her up and fuck her rotten.

## 90 THE TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS

On the twelfth day of Christmas true love sent to me —

Twelve hairy harlots
Eleven lecherous lesbians
Ten tired trollops
Nine naughty nuns
Eight useless eunuchs
Seven sex-starved sisters
Six convicted vicars
Five choir boys
Four windmill girls
Three boy scouts
Two virgin queens
And a pervert in a pantry.

## 91 WHAT A WANK

What a wank, what a wank, what a wank, what a wank;
What a wank, what a wank, what a wank, what a wank;
What a wank, what a wank, what a wank, what a wank;
Oh, what a wank, wank, wank.

What a wank, what a wank, what a wank, what a wank;
wank, wank, wank, wank, wank, wank, wank,

What a wank, what a wank, what a wank, what a wank;
What a wank, what a wank, what a wank, what a wank;
What a wank, what a wank, what a wank, what a wank;
Oh, what a wank,

## 92 WHY WAS HE BORN SO BEAUTIFUL ?

Why was he born so beautiful ?
Why was he born at all ?
He's no fucking use to anyone,
He's no fucking use at all.

## 93 WILL YOU MARRY ME

If I give you half-a-crown,
Can I take your knickers down,
Will you marry, marry, marry, marry, marry,
Will you marry me.

If you give me half-a-crown,
You can't take my knickers down,
You can't marry, amrry, marry, marry, marry,
You can't marry me.

If I give you fish and chips (two-and-six),
Will you let me squeeze your tits,
Will you marry, marry, marry, marry, marry,
Will you marry me.

If I give you my big chest,
And all the money I possess,

I will you marry, marry, marry, marry, marry,
I will you marry me.

If you give me your big chest,
And all the money you possess,
I will marry, marry, marry, marry, marry,
I will marry you.

Get out of the door, you lousy whore,
My money was all you were lookin for,
And I'll not marry, marry, marry, marry, marry,
I'll not marry you.

## 94 YANKEE DOODLE

(To the tune of : "I'm a yankee Doodle Dandy")

Yankee Doodle he's a dandy.
Yankee Doodle do or die ;
A real live asshole from the USA,
Piss on the Fourth of July.

Yank my Doodle it's a dandy,
Yankee Doodle zip your fly ;
Yankee Doodle limped to London,
Wanking off his pony,
You are that Yankee Doodle guy.

## 95 YONGYUTH'S SONG

HAPPY ELEPHANTS ON THE SPIDER'S WEB

Chang tua neung,
Man ma thiow dern,
Bon yai malang moom,
Sanook lua gern,
Cheung rong chern chuan chern.
Chang eek tua neung khung ma dern.

Chang song tua,
Man ma..........................................................................

Chang sarm tua,
Man ma..........................................................................

(And so on....................................................................
until you run out of elephants)

## 96 YOU TAKE THE LEGS OFF BETTY GRABLE

You take the legs off Betty Grable,
You take the hair from Myrna Loy,
You take the tits off old Jane Russell,
And the ass off a baby boy.
You take the hands and face off some old clock,
And Brother, when you're through,
The only thing that's missing is the C-U-N-T,
(Busted Asehole)
And that............,is YOU-U-U !

TO PICK 'N' FLICK
+ FLYING BOGEY

**This copy of**

# HASH MUSIC

**Was stolen from**

**Hash Name:** FLAMING

**Hash Club:** ARSEHOLE

**Country:**

THE BOY'S
FROM LONDON
TOWN, WE LOVE
YOU.... XXXXXX

***On-On!***

TUT THE SEA
Tickled



**InterHash**
**THAILAND'86**
**PATTAYA BEACH 28-31 MARCH**